

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

THE crowd which gathered round the open grave in the Abbey on April the second was not nearly so large as that which attended the funeral of Dr. Trench's successor, Arthur Stanley, on the twenty-fifth of July, 1881. Yet the pathos was felt probably by all who were present on both occasions to be at least as deep and strong. Stanley had been dean for seventeen years, and died in the midst of his work, walking feebly from the Abbey pulpit into his house, and lying down straightway upon the bed from which he did not rise again. Trench was dean not half so long, and then left England for twenty years. Except by his readers, and by those who took interest in watching the affairs of the Irish Church, he was almost forgotten. He was a far deeper theologian than Stanley, and a more exact scholar; but he was shy and retiring, instead of eager for the fray of religious controversy, and he was forced against his will to be one of the leaders of a forlorn hope. And yet, when the history of the Church of the nineteenth century comes to be written, his monument will find a high place as that of a brave, noble, deeply-revered man. We felt that no happier choice of a hymn could have been made than that which was sung at the end of the funeral service—

"Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past."

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Instead of reviewing the history of his long life, I purpose, in the present short tribute to his memory, to set down a few reminiscences of a comparatively small portion of it. I came to know him personally about two-and-thirty years ago, and the love and honour with which he at once inspired me have caused me to read his writings and to watch his doings with interest ever since. And first I will say that he was the best *teacher* I ever knew. He was Professor of New Testament Exegesis in King's College, London, and no one who heard a single lecture of his will ever forget it—the sight of his large, heavy form and massive head, or the tones of his earnest, solemn voice. Those who only heard him as a preacher will hardly form a satisfactory judgment. A sentence or two quietly uttered, then—as the speaker grew eager and impressed with the mighty importance of his theme—words hurried into one great indistinct utterance, the sound of which could be heard in the largest buildings, but the words themselves not twenty yards from him; such was Archbishop Trench as a preacher. But at the lecturer's desk it was as different as could be. First, he was felt to be in the closest sympathy with his pupils, as eager to teach them as they were to be taught. He used carefully to make up each sentence and say it to himself silently with his lips—I

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have watched him often—before uttering it. Consequently you were never at a loss as to what he meant, nor obliged to put it into shape; he had done that for you. Nothing remained for you but to take his idea exactly as he presented it and put it down in the note-book. When the lecture was over you felt that you had got a large addition to your store of Biblical knowledge. A remarkable proof of this is furnished to me in the fact that I find in my note-books, almost word for word, whole passages which appear in his 'Studies of the New Testament,' published after he had retired from the college.

And the material itself? In the first place, Trench was deeply read in the Fathers; probably he knew Augustine better than any man of his time. We therefore got much of him, and also of Chrysostom. But he was also thoroughly imbued with German theology, a taste he probably got from Julius Hare. Clark's Foreign Theological Library has now made such writers as Olshausen familiar to English readers. Not until the English translations of that writer and of Bengel were published was it seen how Trench had drawn from those authors, reconstructing the ideas and throwing all sorts of side lights upon them from patristic sources.

There were, however, two men who, beyond all others, influenced Trench's mind. One saw signs of it in his manner and voice, as well as in his writings. They were Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce. With the former he was intimate in his undergraduate days; he was ordained as curate to the latter. The two mentors were indeed in those days thoroughly in accord, though they differed widely enough on some points afterwards. Wilberforce's early sermons were greatly inspired by Maurice's 'Kingdom of Christ,' and he was frequently a listener at Lincoln's Inn Chapel on Sunday afternoons in Maurice's last days. No wonder, therefore, that the influence of the latter remained strong upon Trench,

who became his colleague at King's College, and accepted his invitation to join him when he founded Queen's College in Harley Street. Presently came the divergence between the two chiefs. Maurice, repelled in the first instance by Dr. Pusey's tract on baptism, fell back from the High Church movement, while Wilberforce, led on by his two brothers and by others, advanced to the post of chief of the party. At one time he was almost omnipotent in the House of Bishops; even those who differed from him, like the two Sumners and Thirlwall, yielded themselves to his marvellous influence. It was Tait who, entering the Upper House of Convocation in an apparently hopeless minority, gradually broke the spell and became far more powerful. Trench had become Wilberforce's examining chaplain when the latter was made Bishop of Oxford, and as he naturally remained in intimate and affectionate friendship with him, the tie with Maurice was of necessity somewhat loosened. Yet it is remarkable how strongly the old influence revived. To take only one instance—in Trench's 'Westminster Abbey Sermons,' preached at a time when controversy was running high concerning the doctrine of the Atonement, the sermon on the Lamb of God follows closely the line taken in Maurice's 'Theological Essays,' in setting aside the notion of the penal character of Christ's sufferings, and placing all the satisfaction in the loving obedience and self-sacrifice.

We may say here that Trench's influence reacted on Bishop Wilberforce. The Bishop, in his most High Church days, never cast away his Lutheran views of Justification; the Protestantism of Trench was powerful, because founded on the deepest conviction, and he always made it felt.

As a preacher, we have said, he was not great. He was defective for the reason stated. But as a writer of sermons he stands probably in the front rank. It is not easy to judge of a man's published works when one

knows the man himself, and possibly the sense of Dr. Trench's personal goodness, which is never absent when reading him, may prejudice me. But I regard his two volumes, 'Westminster Abbey Sermons' and 'Sermons preached in Dublin,' as the very model of what such compositions ought to be, — refined and pure in diction, but not so polished as to take all the force out of them, full of thought and suggestion, arranged in such a way that the hearer follows without difficulty, and takes in the points as they are unrolled one after the other, and the whole pervaded by an earnestness and reality sure to impress. Patristic, no doubt, with here and there a bit of mediæval fancy such as sober taste might lead us to avoid, but by no means marked by allegorical and far-fetched interpretations. Trench had too much common sense, and also too much religious earnestness, to be drawn aside after ornaments of tinsel.

He began his career as a poet, if I am not mistaken, under the editorship of Maurice. The latter in 1840 undertook the editorship of the 'Educational Magazine,' and some of the 'Poems from Eastern Sources' appear in the first number. His poetry is extremely pleasing, and will probably hold its place in our anthology. To begin with, is it not a merit which in these days should place a poet on a high pinnacle that he is actually intelligible? One would almost imagine from a study of the superior criticism of the nineteenth century that it was a drawback to the greatness of Milton and Pope and Cowper, that after you have read them you actually understand what they mean. Of course such a quality may be the result of poverty of ideas; they are naked, therefore you see them. But assuredly unintelligibility does not prove the converse, though we are often requested to think so. Trench was always a passionate admirer of Wordsworth, but his verse is not largely inspired by that admiration. For he was more of a reader than the Lake poet; his

omnivorous and unceasing studies furnished much of his subject-matter; and though his appreciation of natural scenery was strong, his attachment to human life and activity was stronger. The earnest Biblical student was keenly alive to current events, as his poems on the Indian struggles and the Russian war bear witness. It is well known that early in life he formed a scheme with Sterling, Kemble and others, to go to Spain, and fight for its emancipation from the tyranny of Ferdinand the Seventh. It was as wild as Wordsworth's passion for the French Revolution, and as generous in intention. One is not surprised to find him eager on behalf of the Poles, and fierce against the Emperor Nicholas. In fact it is a characteristic of the man that should be emphatically dwelt upon, this sympathy with the active, busy world, while all through life he loved his library so intensely.

Three elements there were which made him a true poet, fulness of thought, earnestness of sympathy, beauty of expression. His sonnets, which are many in number, will rank high, but there is an exquisite charm about his narrative pieces, such as 'Honor Neale,' which almost deserves a place beside 'Enoch Arden' itself, so fine is it in diction, so full of tenderness. In truth the two authors are not unlike each other in that they possess, with all their gentleness, such strength. One of the biographies of the late Archbishop has mentioned his "grimness" of manner. The expression was not untrue, though even those who only saw him at a distance were able to discern a loving heart beneath. But it was a terrible thing to see him angry. I can remember two unfortunate men at different times breaking down in Greek Testament, and being pulverised by him. I believe they would rather have been in a railway accident than run the risk even of another flash of his eyes.

Probably he was always of a sad temperament constitutionally. At least

his face when in repose indicated as much, and so do his poems, taken as a whole. But he had a keen enough sense of fun. He was a great novel reader, and there are a good many of his *bons mots* on record. One, which being of a clerical character may be quoted here, comes from Canon Cureton. Mr. Cureton, then rector of St. Margaret's, was to preach in his regular rotation at the Abbey on a certain saint's day. In those days the boys of Westminster School used to attend service on holy days, after which there was a holiday. Mr. Cureton was looking over his sermon at breakfast time, when his son accosted him with much anxiety of manner, "Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?" "No, Jemmy, not very." "But *how* long? Please tell me." "Well, about twenty minutes, I should say, Jemmy. Why are you so anxious?" "Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me infernally if you are more than half an hour!" In the course of the morning Cureton met the Dean and told him. "Dear, dear," responded Trench, with his usual sad, far-off look, "what a pity Wordsworth has no sons in the school." Old worshippers at the Abbey will remember how merciless good Canon Wordsworth was. We never got off under an hour, sometimes an hour and a half.

The years which he spent as Archbishop of Dublin were years of labour, of anxiety, but not of unhappiness. He knew when he accepted the Irish Primacy that the storm was impending. His melancholy and shyness might have marked him off as one of the most unfit men in the world for such a crisis, but he astonished his friends by his courage, his calmness and wisdom. He did his best to parry the blow, but when it fell he resolutely set to work to preserve the ancient historic traditions of his church, to see that it

remained identical in doctrine and discipline with the church of Jeremy Taylor, of Ussher, of Mant. And all agree that he succeeded; friends and foes honoured him for his steadfastness and moderation, and probably the Irish Church owes more to him than to any man of his time. At length his health failed. He felt that there was no more work left for him to do in Ireland, and he returned to England, to the scenes connected with so many happy years, having realised what he so often expressed in his poetry, that sorrow and anxiety are amongst God's greatest purifiers. So long as he was able, he loved best to be in the Abbey and the precincts, to stroll in the cloisters, to be in the choir at prayers. And ever there was upon his face a sweet and patient gentleness. The last time I saw him he was talking brightly and happily at the door of his publishers. "What an affectionate face the old archbishop has," I said to the head of the firm afterwards. "All the years that we have published for him," was the answer, "he has always been the same, and we have had nothing but consideration from him."

It was wise and thoughtful of Dean Bradley to choose the centre of the nave for his grave. Thirty years ago no attempt had been made to utilise this nave for religious purposes. Sight-seers strolled about in it, and gaped admiringly at ugly monuments, and that was all. It was Dean Trench who resolved to use the great space for worship, and in the end of 1857 the experiment was tried. The vast crowds that flock thither show that the experiment succeeded, and the example thus set has since been followed in most of the cathedrals in England. Let those crowds, as Sunday after Sunday they tread the stone that covers him, be his monument.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

ENGLISH prose literature towards the end of the seventeenth century, in the hands of Dryden and Locke, was becoming, as that of France had become at an earlier date, a matter of design and skilled practice, highly conscious of itself as an art, and, above all, correct. Up to that time it had been, on the whole, singularly informal and unprofessional, and by no means the literature of what we understand by the "man of letters." Certain great instances there had been of literary structure, or architecture—'The Ecclesiastical Polity,' 'The Leviathan'—but for the most part that literature is eminently occasional, closely determined by the eager practical aims of contemporary politics and theology, or else due to a man's own native instinct to speak because he cannot help speaking. Hardly aware of the habit, he likes talking to himself; and when he writes (still in undress) he does but take the "friendly reader" into his confidence. The type of this literature, obviously, is not Locke or Gibbon, but, above all others, Sir Thomas Browne; as Jean Paul is a good instance of it in German literature, always in its developments so much later than the English; and as the best instance of it in French literature, in the century preceding Browne, is Montaigne, from whom indeed, in a great measure, all those tentative writers, or essayists, derive.

It was a result, perhaps, of the individualism and liberty of personal development, which, even in a Roman Catholic, were effects of the Reformation, that there was so much in Montaigne of the "subjective," as people say, of the singularities of personal character. Browne, too, bookish as he really is, claims to give his readers a matter, "not picked

from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares" of his own brain. The faults of such literature are what we all recognise in it: unevenness, alike in thought and style; lack of design; and then, caprice—the lack of authority; after the full play of which, there is so much to refresh one in the reasonable transparency of Hooker, representing thus early the tradition of a classical clearness in English literature, anticipated by Latimer and More, and to be fulfilled afterwards in Butler and Hume. But then, in recompense for that looseness and whim, in Sir Thomas Browne, for instance, we have in those "quaint" writers, as they themselves understood the term,—*coint*, adorned, but adorned with all the curious ornaments of their own predilection, provincial or archaic, certainly unfamiliar, and selected without reference to the taste or usages of other people—the charm of an absolute sincerity, with all the ingenuous and racy effect of what is circumstantial and peculiar in their growth.

"The whole creation is a mystery and particularly that of man. At the blast of His mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at His bare word they started out of nothing. But in the frame of man He played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to *create* as to *make* him. When He had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul: but having raised the walls of man, He was driven to a second and harder creation—of a substance like Himself, an incorruptible and immortal soul."

There is the manner of Sir Thomas Browne, in exact expression of his mind!—minute and curious in its thinking, but with an effect, on the sudden, of a real sublimity or depth. His style is certainly an unequal one.

It has the monumental aim which charmed, and perhaps influenced, Johnson—a dignity that can be attained only in such mental calm as follows long and learned pondering on the high subjects Browne loves to deal with. It has its garrulity, its various levels of painstaking, its mannerism, pleasant of its kind or tolerable, together with much to us intolerable, of which he was capable on a lazy summer afternoon down at Norwich. And all is so oddly mixed, showing, in its entire ignorance of self, how much he, and the sort of literature he represents, really stood in need of *technique*, of a formed taste in literature, of a literary architecture.

And yet perhaps we could hardly wish the result different in him, any more than in the books of Burton and Fuller, or some other similar writers of that age—mental abodes we might liken, after their own manner, to the little old private houses of some historic town grouped about its grand public structures, which, when they have survived at all, posterity is loth to part with. For, in their absolute sincerity, not only do these authors clearly exhibit themselves ("the unique peculiarity of the writer's mind" being, as Johnson says of Browne, "faithfully reflected in the form and matter of his work"), but even more than mere professionally instructed writers they belong to, and reflect, the age they lived in. In essentials, of course, even Browne is by no means so unique among his contemporaries, and so singular, as he looks. And then, as the very condition of their work, there is an entire absence of personal restraint in dealing with the public, whose humours they come at last in a great measure to reproduce. To speak more properly, they have no sense of a "public" to deal with at all—only a full confidence in the "friendly reader," as they love to call him. Hence their amazing pleasantry, their indulgence in their own conceits; but hence also those unpremeditated wild-flowers of speech we should never have

the good luck to find in any more formal kind of literature.

It is, in truth, to the literary purpose of the humourist, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, that this method of writing naturally allies itself—of the humourist to whom all the world is but a spectacle in which nothing is really alien from himself, who has hardly a sense of the distinction between great and little among things that are at all, and whose half-pitying, half-amused sympathy is called out especially by the seemingly small interests and traits of character in the things or the people around him. Certainly, in an age stirred by great causes, like the age of Browne in England, of Montaigne in France, that is not a type to which one would wish to reduce all men of letters. Still, in an age apt also to become severe, or even cruel (its eager interest in those great causes turning sour on occasion) the character of the humourist may well find its proper influence in that serene power, and the leisure it has for conceiving second thoughts, on the tendencies, conscious or unconscious, of the fierce wills around it. Something of such a humourist was Browne—not callous to men and their fortunes; certainly not without opinions of his own about them; and yet, undisturbed by the civil war, by the fall, and then the restoration, of the monarchy, through that long quiet life (ending at last on the day himself had predicted, as if at the moment he had willed) in which "all existence," as he says, "had been but food for contemplation."

Johnson, in beginning his 'Life of Browne,' remarks that Browne "seems to have had the fortune, common among men of letters, of raising little curiosity after their private life." Whether or not, with the example of Johnson himself before us, we can think just that, it is certain that Browne's works are of a kind to directly stimulate curiosity about himself—about himself, as being manifestly so large a part of those works;

and as a matter of fact we know a great deal about his life, uneventful as in truth it was. To himself, indeed, his life at Norwich, as he lets us know, seemed wonderful enough. "Of these wonders," says Johnson, "the view that can now be taken of his life offers no appearance." But "we carry with us," as Browne writes, "the wonders we seek without us," and we may note, on the other hand, a circumstance which his daughter, Mrs. Lyttleton, tell us of his childhood:—"His father used to open his breast when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." It was perhaps because the son inherited an aptitude for a like profound stirring of sentiment in the taking of his life, that uneventful as it was, commonplace as it seemed to Johnson, to Browne himself it was so full of wonders, and so stimulates the curiosity of his more careful reader of to-day. "What influence," says Johnson again, "learning has had on its possessors may be doubtful." Well! the influence of his great learning, of his constant research, on Browne, was its imaginative influence, that it completed his outfit as a poetic visionary, stirring all the strange "conceit" of his nature to its depths.

He himself dwells, in connection with the first publication (extorted by circumstances) of the 'Religio Medici,' on the natural "inactivity of his disposition;" and he does, as I have said, pass very quietly through an exciting time. Born in the year of the Gunpowder Plot, he was not, in truth, one of those clear and clarifying souls which, in an age alike of practical and mental confusion, can lay down as by anticipation the bases of reconstruction, like Bacon or Hooker. His mind has much of the perplexity which was part of the atmosphere of the time. Not that he is without his own definite opinions on events. For him, Cromwell is a usurper, the death of Charles an

abominable murder. In spite of what is, perhaps, an affectation of the sceptical mood, he is a Churchman too; one of those who entered fully into the Anglican position, so full of sympathy with those ceremonies and observances which "misguided zeal terms superstition," that there were some Roman Catholics who thought that nothing but custom and education kept him from their communion. At the Restoration he rejoices to see the return of the comely Anglican order in old episcopal Norwich, with its ancient churches; the antiquity, in particular, of the English Church being, characteristically, one of the things he most valued in it, vindicating it, when occasion came, against the "unjust scandal" of those who made that Church a creation of Henry the Eighth. As to Romanists—he makes no scruple to "enter their churches in defect of ours." He cannot laugh at, but rather pities, "the fruitless journeys of pilgrims—for there is something in it of devotion." He could never "hear the *Ave Mary* / bell without an *oraison*." At a solemn procession he has "wept abundantly." How English, in truth, all this really is! It reminds one how some of the most popular of English writers, in many a half-conscious expression, have witnessed to a susceptibility in the English mind itself, in spite of the Reformation, to what is affecting in religious ceremony. Only, in religion as in politics, Browne had no turn for disputes; was suspicious of them, indeed; knowing, as he says with true acumen, that "a man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender," even in controversies not necessarily mal-adroit—an image in which we may trace a little contemporary colouring.

The 'Enquiries into Vulgar Errors' was published in the year 1646; a year which found him very hard on "the vulgar." His suspicion in the abstract of what Bacon calls *Idola Fori*, the Idols of the Market-place takes a special emphasis from the

course of events about him; "being erroneous in their single numbers, once huddled together they will be error itself." And yet, congruously with a dreamy sweetness of character we may find expressed in his very features, he seems not greatly concerned at the temporary suppression of the institutions he values so much. He seems to possess some inward Platonic reality of them—church or monarchy—to hold by in idea, quite beyond the reach of Round-head or unworthy Cavalier. In the power of what is inward and inviolable in his religion, he can still take note;—"In my solitary and retired imagination (*neque enim cum porticus aut me lectulus accipit, desum mihi.*) I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and His attributes who is ever with me."

His father, a merchant of London, with some claims to ancient descent, left him early in possession of ample means. Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he visited Ireland, France and Italy; and in the year 1633, at the age of twenty-eight, became Doctor of Medicine at Leyden. Three years later he established himself as a physician at Norwich for the remainder of his life, having married a lady, described as beautiful and attractive, and affectionate also, as we may judge from her letters, and postscripts to those of her husband, in an orthography of a homeliness amazing even for that age. Dorothy Browne bore him ten children, six of whom he survived.

Their house at Norwich, even then an old one it would seem, must have grown, through long years of acquisition, into an odd cabinet of antiquities—antiquities properly so called; his old Roman, or Romanised, British urns, from Walsingham or Bampton, for instance; and those natural objects which he studied somewhat in the temper of a curiosity-hunter or antiquary. In one of the old churchyards of Norwich he makes the first discovery of *adipocere*, of which grim substance "a portion still remains with

him." For his multifarious experiments he must have had his laboratory. The old window-stanchions had become magnetic, proving, as he thinks, that iron "acquires verticity" from long lying in one position. Once we find him re-tiling the place. It was then, perhaps, that he made the observation that bricks and tiles also acquire "magnetic alliciency"—one's whole house, one might fancy; as indeed, he holds the earth itself to be a vast lode-stone.

The very faults of his literary work, its desultoriness, the time it costs his readers, that slow Latinity which Johnson imitated from him, those lengthy leisurely terminations which busy posterity will abbreviate, all breathe of the long quiet of the place. Yet he is by no means indolent. Besides wide book-learning, experimental research at home, and indefatigable observation in the open air, he prosecutes the ordinary duties of a physician; contrasting himself indeed with other students, "whose quiet and unmolested doors afford no such distractions." To most men of mind sensitive as his, his chosen studies would have seemed full of melancholy, turning always, as they did, upon death and decay. It is well, perhaps, that life should be something of a "meditation upon death": to many, certainly, Browne's would have seemed too like a life-long following of one's own funeral. A true museum is seldom a cheerful place—oftenest induces the feeling that nothing could ever have been young; and to Browne the whole world is a museum; all the grace and beauty it has being of a somewhat mortified kind. Only, for him, (poetic dream, or philosophic apprehension, it was this which never failed to evoke his wonderful genius for exquisitely impassioned speech,) over all those ugly anatomical preparations, as though over miraculous saintly relics, there was the perpetual flicker of a surviving spiritual ardency, one day to re-assert itself—stranger far than any fancied odylie gravelights!

When Browne settled at Norwich, being then about thirty-six years old, he had already completed the '*Religio Medici*'; a desultory collection of observations designed for himself only and a few friends, at all events with no purpose of immediate publication. It had been lying by him for seven years, circulating privately in his own extraordinarily perplexed manuscript, or in manuscript copies, when, in 1642, an incorrect printed version from one of those copies, "much corrupted by transcription at various hands," appeared anonymously. Browne, decided royalist as he was, in spite of seeming indifference, connects this circumstance with the unscrupulous use of the press for political purposes, and especially against the king at that time. Just here a romantic figure comes on the scene. Son of the unfortunate young Everard Digby who perished on the scaffold for some half-hearted participation in the gunpowder plot, Kenelm Digby, brought up in the reformed religion, had returned in manhood to the religion of his father. In his intellectual composition he had, in common with Browne, a scientific interest, oddly tinged with both poetry and scepticism; he had also a strong sympathy with religious reaction, and a more than sentimental love for a seemingly vanishing age of faith, which he, for one, would not think of as vanishing. A copy of that surreptitious edition of the '*Religio Medici*' found him a prisoner on suspicion of a too active royalism, and with much time on his hands. The Roman Catholic, although, secure in his definite orthodoxy, he finds himself indifferent on many points, (on the reality of witchcraft, for instance,) on which Browne's more timid, personally-grounded faith might indulge no scepticism, forced himself, nevertheless, to detect a vein of rationalism in a book which on the whole much attracted him, and hastily put forth his "animadversions" upon it. Browne, with all his distaste for controversy, thus found himself com-

mitted to a dispute, and his reply came with the correct edition of the '*Religio Medici*' published at last with his name. There have been many efforts to formulate the religion of a layman, which might be rightly understood, perhaps, as something more than what is called natural, yet less than ecclesiastical, or "professional" religion. Though its habitual mode of conceiving experience is on a different plan, yet it would recognise the legitimacy of the traditional interpretation of that experience, generally and by implication; only, with a marked reserve as to religious particulars, both of thought and language, out of a real reverence or awe, as proper only for a special place. Such is the lay religion, as we may find it in Addison, in Gray, in Thackeray; and there is something of a concession—a concession on second thoughts—about it. Browne's '*Religio Medici*' is designed as the expression of a mind more difficult of belief than that of the mere "layman"; it is meant for the religion of the man of science. Actually, it is something less to the point, in any balancing of the religious against the worldly view of things, than the proper religion of a layman. For Browne, in spite of his profession of boisterous doubt, has no real difficulties, and his religion certainly nothing of the character of a concession. He holds that there has never existed an atheist. Not that he is credulous; but that his religion is but the correlative of himself, his peculiar character and education, a religion of manifold association. For him the wonders of religion, its supernatural events or agencies, are almost natural facts or processes. "Even in this material fabric, the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference." Had not Divine interference designed to raise the dead, nature herself is in act to do it,—to lead out the "incinerated" soul from the retreats of her dark laboratory. Certainly Browne has not, like Pascal, made the "great resolution,"

by the apprehension that it is just in the contrast of the moral world to the world with which science deals that religion finds its proper basis. It is from the homelessness of the world which science analyses so victoriously, its dark unspirituality wherein the soul he is conscious of seems such a stranger, that Pascal "turns again to his rest," in the conception of a world of wholly reasonable agencies. For Browne, on the contrary, the light is full, design everywhere obvious, its conclusion easy to draw, all small and great things marked clearly with the signature of the "Word." The adhesion, the difficult adhesion, of men such as Pascal is an immense contribution to controversy; the concession, again, of a man like Addison of great significance there. But in the adhesion of Browne, in spite of his crusade against "vulgar errors," there is no real significance. The 'Religio Medici' is a contribution, not to faith but, to piety; a refinement and correction, such as piety often stands in need of; a help, not so much to religious belief in a world of doubt, as to the maintenance of the religious mood amid the interests of a secular calling.

From about this time Browne's letters afford a pretty clear view of his life as it went on in the house at Norwich. Many of these letters represent him in correspondence with the singular men who shared his own half poetic, half scientific turn of mind, with that impressibility towards what one might call the thaumaturgic elements in nature which has often made men dupes, and which is certainly an element in the somewhat atrabiliar mental complexion of that age in England. He corresponds seriously with William Lily, the astrologer; is acquainted with Dr. Dee, who had some connection with Norwich, and has "often heard him affirm, sometimes with oaths, that he had seen transmutation of pewter dishes and flagons into silver (at least), which the goldsmiths at Prague bought of him."

Browne is certainly an honest inves-

tigator; but it is still with a faint hope of something like that upon fitting occasion, and on the alert always for surprises in nature (as if nature had a rhetoric, at times, to deliver to us, like those sudden and surprising flowers of his own poetic style), that he listens to her everyday talk so attentively. Of strange animals, strange cures, and the like, his correspondence is full. The very errors he combats are, of course, the curiosities of error,—those fascinating, irresistible, popular errors, which various kinds of people have insisted on gliding into because they like them. Even his heresies were old ones,—the very fossils of capricious opinion.

It is as an industrious local naturalist that Browne comes before us first, full of the fantastic minute life in the fens and "Broads" around Norwich, its various marsh and sea birds. He is something of a vivisectionist also, which may not surprise us in an age which, for the propagation of truth, was ready to cut off men's ears. He finds one day "*a Scarabeus capricornus odoratus*," which he takes "to be mentioned by Mon-fetus, folio 150. He saith, '*Nucem moschatam et cinnamomum vere spirat*'—to me it smelt like roses, santalum, and ambergis." "*Musca tuliparum moschata*," again, "is a small bee-like fly of an excellent fragrant odour, which I have often found at the bottom of the flowers of tulips." Is this within the experience of modern entomologists?

The 'Garden of Cyrus,' though it ends indeed with a passage of wonderful felicity, certainly emphasises (to say the least) the defects of Browne's literary good qualities. His chimeric fancy carries him here into a kind of frivolousness, as if he felt almost too safe with his public, and were himself not quite serious, or dealing fairly with it; and with a writer such as Browne levity must of necessity be a little ponderous. Still, like one of those stiff gardens, halfway between the mediæval garden

and the true "English" garden of Temple or Walpole, actually to be seen in the background of some of the conventional portraits of that day, the fantasies of this indescribable exposition of the mysteries of the *quincunx* form part of the complete portrait of Browne himself; and it is in connection with it that, once or twice, the quaintly delightful pen of Evelyn comes into the correspondence, in connection with the "hortulane pleasure." "Norwich," he writes to Browne, "is a place, I understand, much addicted to the flowery part." Professing himself a believer in the operation "of the air and genius of gardens upon human spirits, towards virtue and sanctity," he is all for natural gardens as against "those which appear like gardens of paste-board and march-pane, and smell more of paint than of flowers and verdure." Browne is in communication also with Ashmole and Dugdale, the famous antiquaries; to the latter of whom, who had written a work on the history of the embanking of fens, he communicates the discovery of certain coins, on a piece of ground, "in the nature of an island in the fens."

Far more interesting certainly than those curious scientific letters is Browne's "domestic correspondence." Dobson, Charles the First's "English Tintoret," would seem to have painted a life-sized picture of Sir Thomas Browne and his family, after the manner of those big, urbane, family groups, then coming into fashion with the Dutch Masters. Of such a portrait nothing is now known. But in these old-fashioned, affectionate letters, transmitted often, in those troublous times, with so much difficulty, we have what is almost as graphic; a numerous group, in which, although so many of Browne's children died young, he was happy; with Dorothy Browne, occasionally adding her charming, ill-spelt postscripts to her husband's letters; the religious daughter who goes to daily prayers after the Restoration, which brought Browne the honour

of knighthood; and, above all, two Toms, son and grandson of Sir Thomas, the third Tom being the son of Dr. Edward Browne, now become distinguished as a physician in London (he attended John, Earl of Rochester, in his last illness at Woodstock), and sharing his father's studies; and his childish existence, as he lives away from his proper home in London, in the old house at Norwich, two hundred years ago, we see like a thing of to-day.

At first the two brothers, Edward and Thomas (the elder), are together in everything. Then Edward goes abroad for his studies, and Thomas, quite early, into the navy, where he certainly develops into a wonderfully gallant figure; passing away, however, from the correspondence, it is uncertain how, before he was of full age. From the first he is understood to be a lad of parts. "If you practise to write, you will have a good pen and style:" and a delightful, boyish journal of his remains describing a tour the two brothers made in September, 1662, among the Derbyshire hills. "I received your two last letters," he writes to his father from aboard the 'Marie Rose,' "and give you many thanks for the discourse you sent me out of Vossius: *De motu marium et ventorum*. It seemed very hard to me at first; but I have now beaten it, and I wish I had the book." His father is pleased to think that he is "like to proceed not only a good navigator, but a good scholar": and he finds the much-exacting, old-classical prescription for the brave man fulfilled in him. On July 16th, 1666, the young man writes—still from the 'Marie Rose':—

"If it were possible to get an opportunity to send as often as I am desirous to write, you should hear more often from me, being now so near the grand action, from which I would by no means be absent. I extremely long for that thundering day: wherein I hope you shall hear we have behaved ourselves like men, and to the honour of our country. I thank you for your directions for my ears against the noise of the guns, but I have

found that I could endure it; nor is it so intolerable as most conceive; especially when men are earnest, and intent upon their business, unto whom muskets sound but like pop-guns. It is impossible to express unto another how a smart sea-fight elevates the spirits of a man, and makes him despise all dangers. In and after all sea-fights, I have been very thirsty, . . ."

He died, as I said, early in life. We only hear of him later in connection with a trait of character observed in Tom the grandson, whose winning ways, and tricks of bodily and mental growth, are duly recorded in these letters: the reader will, I hope, pardon the following extracts from them:—

"Little Tom is lively. . . . She or Frank is fayne sometimes to play him asleep with a fiddle. When we send away our letters he scribbles a paper and will have it sent to his sister, and saith she doth not know how many fine things there are in Norwich. . . . He delights his grandfather when he comes home."

"Tom gives you many thanks for his clothes" (from London). "He has appeared very fine this King's day with them."

"Tom presents his duty. A gentleman at our election asked Tom who hee was for? and he answered, 'For all four.' The gentleman replied that he answered like a physician's son."

"Tom would have his grandmother, his aunt Betty, and Frank, valentines: but hee conditioned with them that they should give him nothing of any kind that hee had ever had or seen before."

"Tom is just now gone to see two bears which are to be shown." "Tom, his duty. He is begging books and reading of them." "The players are at the Red Lion hard by; and Tom goes sometimes to see a play."

And then one day he stirs old memories—

"The fairings were welcome to Tom. He finds about the house divers things that were your brother's" (the late Edward's), "and Betty sometimes tells him stories about him, so that he was importunate with her to write his life in a quarter of a sheet of paper, and read it unto him, and will have still some more added."

"Just as I am writing" (learnedly about a comet, Jan. 7th, 1680-1) "Tom comes and tells me the blazing star is in the yard, and calls me to see it. It was but dim, and the sky not clear. . . . I am very sensible of this sharp weather."

He seems to have come to no good end, riding forth one stormy night. *Requiescat in pace!*

Of this long, leisurely existence the chief events were Browne's rare literary publications; some of his writings indeed having been left unprinted till after his death; while in the circumstances of the issue of every one of them there is something accidental, as if the world might have missed it altogether. Even the 'Discourse of Vulgar Errors,' the longest and most elaborate of his works, is entirely discursive and occasional, coming to an end with no natural conclusion, but only because the writer chose to leave off just there; and few probably have been the readers of the book as a consecutive whole. At times indeed we seem to have in it observations only, or notes, preliminary to some more orderly composition. Dip into it: read, for instance, the chapter 'Of the Ring-finger,' or the chapters 'Of the Long Life of the Deer,' and on the 'Pictures of Mermaids, Unicorns, and some Others,' and the part will certainly seem more than the whole. Try to read it through, and you will soon feel cloyed; miss, very likely, its real worth to the fancy—the literary fancy, which finds its pleasure in inventive word and phrase; and become dull to the really vivid beauties of a book so lengthy, but with no real evolution. Though there are words, phrases, constructions innumerable, which remind one how much the work initiated in France by Madame de Rambouillet—work, done for England, we may think perhaps imperfectly, in the next century by Johnson and others—was really needed; yet the capacities of Browne's manner of writing, coming as it did so directly from the man, are felt even in his treatment of matters of science. As with Buffon, his full, ardent, sympathetic vocabulary, the poetry of his language, a poetry inherent in its elementary particles—the word, the epithet—helps to keep his eye, and the eye of the reader, on the object before it, and conduces directly to the purpose of the naturalist, the observer.

But, only one half observation, its

other half very out-of-the-way book-lore, this book displays Browne still in the character of the antiquary, as that age understood him. He is a kind of Elias Ashmole, dealing with natural objects; which are for him, in the first place, and apart from the remote religious hints and intimations they carry with them, curiosities. He seems to have no true sense of natural law, as Bacon understood it; nor even of that immanent reason in the natural world, which the Platonic tradition supposes. "Things are really true," he says, "as they correspond unto God's conception; and have so much verity as they hold of conformity unto that intellect, in whose idea they had their first determinations." But, actually, what he is busy in the record of, are matters more or less of the nature of caprices; as if things after all were significant of their higher verity only at random, in a sort of surprises, like music in old instruments suddenly touched into sound by a wandering finger, among the lumber of people's houses. Nature, "the art of God," as he says (varying a little a phrase used also by Hobbes, in a work printed later), Nature, he seems to protest, is only a little less magical, its processes only a little less in the way of alchemy, than you had supposed; or rather not quite after the manner you so lightly thought. We feel that, as with that disturbed age in England generally, (and it is here that he, with it, is so interesting, curious, old-world, and unlike ourselves,) his supposed experience might at any moment be broken in upon by a hundred forms of a natural magic, only not quite so marvellous as that older sort of magic, or alchemy, he is at so much pains to expose; and the large promises of which, its large words, too, he still regretfully enjoys.

And yet the 'Discourse of Vulgar Errors,' seeming, as it often does, to be a serious refutation of fairy tales, arguing, for instance, against the literal truth of the poetic statement that "The pigeon hath no gall"; such

questions as "Whether men weigh heavier dead than alive?" being characteristic questions, is designed with much ambition, under its pedantic Greek title 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' as a criticism, a cathartic, an instrument for the clarifying of the intellect. He begins from "that first error in Paradise," wondering much at "man's deceivability in his perfection"—"at such gross deceit." He enters in this connection, with a kind of poetry of scholasticism, which may interest the student of 'Paradise Lost,' into what we may call the intellectual and moral by-play of the situation of the first man and woman in Paradise, with strange queries about it. Did Adam, for instance, already know of the fall of the Angels? Did he really believe in death till Abel died? It is from Julius Scaliger that he takes his motto, to the effect that the true knowledge of things must be had from things themselves, not from books; and he seems as seriously concerned as Bacon to dissipate the crude impressions of a false "common sense," of false science, and a fictitious authority. Inverting, oddly, Plato's theory that all learning is but reminiscence, he reflects with a sigh how much of oblivion must needs be involved in the getting of any true knowledge. "Men that adore times past, consider not that those times were once present (that is, as our own are at this present), and ourselves unto those to come, as they unto us at present." That surely, coming from one both by temperament and habit so great an antiquary, has the touch of something like an influence in the atmosphere of the time. That there was any actual connection between Browne's work and Bacon's is but a surmise. Yet we almost seem to be hearing Bacon when Browne discourses on the "use of doubts, and the advantages which might be derived from drawing up a calendar of doubts, falsehoods, and popular errors;" and, as from Bacon, one gets the impression that men really have been very

much the prisoners of their own crude or pedantic terms, notions, associations; that they have been very indolent in testing very simple matters—with a wonderful kind of "supinity" as he calls it. In Browne's chapter on the 'Sources of Error,' again, we may trace much resemblance to Bacon's striking doctrine of the *Idola*, the "shams" men fall down and worship. Taking source respectively, from the "common infirmity of human nature," from the "erroneous disposition of the people," from "confident adherence to authority," the errors which Browne chooses to deal with may be registered as Bacon's *Idola Tribus, Fori Theatri*; the idols of our common human nature; of the vulgar, when they get together; and of the learned, when they get together.

But of the fourth species of error noted by Bacon, the *Idola Speciei*, that whole tribe of illusions, which are "bred amongst the weeds and tares of one's own brain," Browne tells us nothing by way of criticism; was himself, rather, a lively example of their operation. Throw them into concrete or personal form, suppose them introduced among the other forces of an active intellect, and you have Sir Thomas Browne himself. The sceptical inquirer who rises from his cathartic, his purging of error, a believer in the supernatural character of pagan oracles, and a cruel judge of supposed witches, must still need as much as ever that elementary conception of the right method and the just limitations of knowledge, by power of which he should not just strain out a single error here or there, but make a final precipitate of fallacy.

And yet if the temperament had been deducted from Browne's work—that inherent and strongly marked way of deciding things, which has guided with so surprising effect the musings of the 'Letter to a Friend,' and the 'Urn-burial'—we should probably have remembered him little. Pity! some may think, for himself at least, that he had not lived earlier, and

still believed in the mandrake, for instance; its fondness for places of execution, and its human cries "on eradication, with hazard of life to them that pull it up." "In philosophy," he observes, meaning to contrast his free-thinking in that department with his orthodoxy in religion, "where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself:" which is true, we may think, in a further sense than he meant, and that it was the "paradoxical" that he actually preferred. Happy at all events, he still remained—undisturbed and happy—in a hundred native prepossessions, some certainly valueless, some of them perhaps invaluable. And while one feels that no real logic of fallacies has been achieved by him, one feels still more how little the construction of that branch of logical inquiry really helps men's minds; fallacy, like truth itself, being a matter so dependent on innate gift of apprehension, so praterlogical and personal; the original perception counting for almost everything, the mere inference for so little. Yes! "A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender," even in controversies not necessarily maladroitness.

The really stirring poetry of science is not in vague and facile divinations about it, but in its larger ascertained truths—the order of infinite space, the slow method and vast results of infinite time. For Browne, however, the sense of poetry which so overmasters his scientific procedure, depends chiefly on its vague possibilities; the empirical philosophy, even after Bacon, being still dominated by a temper, resultant from the general unsettlement of men's minds at the Reformation, which may be summed up in the famous question of Montaigne—*Que sais-je?* The cold-blooded method of observation and experiment was creeping but slowly over the domain of science; and such unreclaimed portions of it as the phenomena of magnetism had an immense fascination for men like Browne and Digby.

Here, in those parts of natural philosophy "but yet in discovery," "the America and untravelled parts of truth," lay for them the true prospect of science, like the new world itself to a geographical discoverer such as Raleigh. And welcome as one of the minute hints of that country far ahead of them, the strange bird, or floating fragment of unfamiliar vegetation, which met those early navigators, there was a certain fantastic experiment, in which, as was alleged, Paracelsus had been lucky. For Browne and others it became the crucial type of the kind of agency in nature which, as they conceived, it was the proper function of science to reveal in larger operation. "The subject of my last letter," says Dr. Henry Power, then a student, writing to Browne in 1648, the last year of Charles the First, "being so high and noble a piece of chemistry, invites me once more to request an experimental eviction of it from yourself; and I hope you will not chide my importunity in this petition, or be angry at my so frequent knockings at your door to obtain a grant of so great and admirable a mystery." What the enthusiastic young student expected from Browne, so high and noble a piece of chemistry, was the "re-individualling of an incinerated plant"—a violet, turning to freshness, and smelling sweet again out of its ashes, under some genially fitted conditions of the chemic art.

Palingenesis, resurrection, effected by orderly prescription,—the "re-individualling" of an "incinerated organism,"—is a subject which affords us a natural transition to the little book of the 'Hydriotaphis,' or 'Treatise of Urn-burial'—about fifty or sixty pages—which, together with a very singular letter not printed till after Browne's death, is perhaps, after all, the best justification of Browne's literary reputation, as it were his own curiously figured urn and treasure-place of immortal memory.

In its first presentation to the public this letter was connected with

Browne's 'Christian Morals;' but its proper and sympathetic collocation would be rather with the 'Urn-burial,' of which it is a kind of prelude, and strikes the key-note. He is writing in a very complex situation; to a friend, upon occasion of the death of a common friend. The deceased apparently had been little known to Browne himself till his recent visits, while the intimate friend to whom he is writing had been absent at the time; and the leading motive of Browne's letter is the deep impression he has received in his visits of a sort of physical beauty in the coming of death, with which he still surprises and moves his reader. There had been, in this case, a tardiness and reluctance in the circumstances of dissolution, which had permitted him, in the character of a physician, as it were, to assist at the spiritualising of the bodily frame by natural process; a wonderful new type of a kind of mortified grace being evolved by the way. The spiritual body had anticipated the formal moment of death; the alert soul, in that tardy decay, changing its vesture gradually, and as if piece by piece. The infinite future had invaded this life perceptibly to the senses, like the ocean felt far inland up a tidal river. Nowhere, perhaps, is the attitude of questioning awe on the threshold of another life displayed with the expressiveness of this unique morsel of literature; though there is something of the same kind, in another than the literary medium, in the delicate monumental sculpture of the early Tuscan School, as also in many of the designs of William Blake, often, though unconsciously, much in sympathy with those unsophisticated Italian workmen. With him, as with them and with the writer of the 'Letter to a Friend upon the occasion of the death of his intimate Friend,'—so strangely! the visible function of death is but to refine, to detach from aught that is vulgar. And this elfin letter, really an impromptu letter to a friend, affords the best possible light on the

general temper of the man who could be moved by the accidental discovery of those old urns at Walsingham—funeral relics of “Romans or Britons Romanised which had learned Roman customs”—to the composition of that wonderful book the ‘Hydriotaphia.’ He had drawn up a short account of the circumstance; but it was after ten years’ brooding that he put forth the finished treatise, dedicated to an eminent collector of ancient coins and other rarities, with congratulations that he “can daily command the view of so many imperial faces,” and with (by way of frontispiece) one of the urns, “drawn with a coal taken out of it and found among the burnt bones.” The discovery had resuscitated for him a whole world of latent observation, from life, from out-of-the way reading, from the natural world, and fused into a composition, which with all its quaintness we may well pronounce classical, all the heterogeneous elements of that singular mind. The desire to “record these risen ashes and not to let them be buried twice among us,” had set free, in his manner of conceiving things, something not wholly analysable, something that may be properly called genius, which shapes his use of common words to stronger and deeper senses, in a way unusual in prose writing. Let the reader, for instance, trace his peculiarly sensitive use of the epithets *dark* and *thin*, both here and in the ‘Letter to a Friend.’

Upon what a grand note he can begin and end chapter or paragraph—“When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over:”—“And a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.” Dealing with a most vague range of feelings, it is his skill to associate them to very definite objects. Like the Soul, in Blake’s design, “exploring the recesses of the tomb,” he carries a light, the light of the poetic faith which he cannot put off him, into those dark places, “the abode of worms and pismires,” peering round with a boundless curiosity and

no fear; noting the various casuistical considerations of men’s last form of self-love; all those whims of humanity as a “student of perpetuity,” the mortuary customs of all nations, which, from their very closeness to our human nature, arouse in most minds only a strong feeling of distaste. There is something congruous with the impassive piety of the man in his waiting on accident from without to take start for the work, which, of all his work, is most truly touched by the “divine spark.” Delightful as its eloquence is found to be, it is actually attained out of a certain difficulty and halting crabbedness of expression; the wretched punctuation of the piece being not the only cause of its impressing the reader with the notion that he is but dealing with a collection of notes for a more finished composition, and of a different kind; perhaps a purely erudite treatise on its subject, with detachment of all personal colour now adhering to it. Out of an atmosphere of all-pervading oddity and quaintness—the quaintness of mind which reflects that this disclosing of the urns of the ancients hath “left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves”—arises a work really ample and grand, nay! classical, as I said, by virtue of the effectiveness with which it fixes a type in literature; as, indeed, at its best, romantic literature (and Browne is genuinely romantic) in every period attains classical quality, giving true measure of the wholly limited value of those well-worn critical distinctions. And though the ‘Urn-burial’ certainly has much of the character of a poem, yet one is never allowed to forget that it was designed, candidly, as a treatise on one department of ancient “culture”; as much so as Guichard’s curious old French book on ‘Divers Manners of Burial’; and was the fruit of much labour, in the way especially of industrious selection from remote and difficult writers; there being then few or no hand-books, or anything like our modern short cuts to varied knowledge. Quite unaffected

edly, a curious learning saturates, with a kind of grey and aged colour most apt and congruous with the subject-matter, all the thoughts that arise in him. His great store of reading, so freely displayed, he uses almost as poetically as Milton; like him, profiting often by the mere sonorous effect of some heroic or ancient name, which he can adapt to that same sort of learned sweetness of cadence with which so many of his single sentences are made to fall upon the ear.

Pope Gregory, that great religious poet, requested by certain eminent persons to send them some of those relics he sought for so devoutly in all the lurking-places of old Rome, took up, it is said, a portion of common earth, and delivered it to the messengers; and, on their expressing surprise at such a gift, pressed the earth together in his hand, whereupon the sacred blood of the Martyrs was beheld flowing out between the fingers. The veneration of relics became a part of Christian (as some may think it a part of natural,) religion. All over Rome we may count how much devotion in fine art we owe to it; and, through all ugliness or superstition, the intention of it still speaks to serious minds. The poor dead bones, ghastly and forbidding,—we know what Shakspeare would have felt about them—"Beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man!" And it is with something of a similar feeling that Browne is full on the common and general ground of humanity; an awe-stricken sympathy with those, whose bones "lie at the mercies of the living," strong enough to unite all his various chords of feeling into a single strain of impressive and genuine poetry. His real interest is in what may be called the curiosities of our common humanity. As another might be moved at the sight of Alexander's bones, or Cecilia's, or Saint Edmund's, so he is full of a fine poetical excitement at such lowly relics as the earth hides almost everywhere beneath our

feet. But it is hardly fair to take our leave amid these grievous images of so happy a writer as Sir Thomas Browne; so great a lover of the open air, under which much of his life was passed. His work, late one night, draws to a natural close:—"To keep our eyes open longer," he bethinks himself suddenly, "were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America!"

What a fund of open-air cheerfulness, there! in turning to sleep. Still, even in dealing with a writer in whom mere style counts for so much as with Browne, it is impossible to ignore his matter; and it is with religion he is really occupied from first to last, hardly less than Richard Hooker. And his religion, too, after all, was a religion of cheerfulness; he has no great consciousness of evil in things, and is no fighter. His religion, if one may say so, was all profit to him; among other ways, in securing an absolute staidness and placidity of temper, for the intellectual work which was the proper business of his life. His contributions to "evidence," in the '*Religio Medici*,' for instance, hardly tell, because he writes out of view of a really philosophical criticism. What does tell in him, in this direction, is the witness he brings to men's instinct of survival—the "intimations of immortality," as Wordsworth terms them, which were natural with him in surprising force. As was said of Jean Paul, his special subject was the immortality of the soul; with an assurance as personal, as fresh and original, as it was, on the one hand, in those old half-civilised people who had deposited the urns; on the other hand, in the cynical French poet of the nineteenth century, who did not think, but knew, that *his* soul was imperishable. He lived in an age in which that philosophy made a great stride which ends with Hume; and his lesson, if we may be pardoned for taking away a "lesson" from so ethical a writer, is the force of men's temperaments in the management of opinion, their own or

that of others ;—that it is not merely different degrees of bare intellectual power which cause men to approach in different degrees to this or that intellectual programme. Could he have foreseen the mature result of that mechanical analysis which Bacon had applied to nature, and Hobbes to the mind of man, there is no reason to think that he would have surrendered his own chosen hypothesis concerning them. He represents, in an age the intellectual powers of which tend strongly to agnosticism, the mind to which the supernatural view of things is still credible. The non-mechanical theory of nature has had its grave adherents since ; to the non-mechanical theory of man—that he is in contact with a moral order on a different plane from the mechanical order—thousands, of the most various types and degrees of intellectual power, always adhere ; a fact worth the consideration of all ingenuous thinkers, if (as is certainly the case with colour, music, number, for instance) there may be whole regions of fact, the recognition of which belongs to one and not to another, which people may possess in various

degrees ; for the knowledge of which, therefore, one person is dependent upon another ; and in relation to which the appropriate means of cognition must lie among the elements of what we call individual temperament, so that what looks like a prejudice may be really a legitimate apprehension. "Men are what they are," and are not wholly at the mercy of formal conclusions from their formally limited premises. Browne passes his whole life in observation and inquiry ; he is a genuine investigator, with every opportunity ; the mind of the age all around him seems passively yielding to an almost foregone intellectual result, to a philosophy of disillusion. But he thinks it a prejudice ; and not from any want of intellectual power certainly, but from some inward consideration, some after-thought, from the antecedent gravitation of his own general character—or, will you say ? from that unprecipitated infusion of fallacy in him—he fails to draw, with almost all the rest of the world, the conclusion ready to hand.

WALTER PATER.

WORN-OUT TYPES.

It is now a complaint of quite respectable antiquity that the types in which humanity was originally set up by a humour-loving Providence are worn out and require recasting. The surface of society has become smooth. It ought to be a bas-relief—it is a plane. Even a Chaucer (so it is said) could make nothing of us as we wend our way to Brighton. We have tempers, it is true—bad ones for the most part; but no humours to be in or out of. We are all far too much alike; we do not group well; we only mix. All this, and more, is alleged against us. A cheerfully disposed person might perhaps think that, assuming the prevailing type to be a good, plain, readable one, this uniformity need not necessarily be a bad thing; but had he the courage to give expression to this opinion he would most certainly be at once told, with that mixture of asperity and contempt so properly reserved for those who take cheerful views of anything, that without well-defined types of character there can be neither National Comedy nor Whimsical Novel; and as it is impossible to imagine any person sufficiently cheerful to carry the argument further by inquiring ingenuously, “And how would that matter?” the position of things becomes serious and demands a few minutes’ investigation.

As we said at the beginning the complaint is an old one—most complaints are. When Montaigne was in Rome in 1580 he complained bitterly that he was always knocking up against his own countrymen, and might as well have been in Paris. And yet some people would have you believe that this curse of the Continent is quite new. More than seventy years ago that most quotable of

English authors, Hazlitt, wrote as follows:—

“It is, indeed, the evident tendency of all literature to generalise and dissipate character by giving men the same artificial education and the same common stock of ideas; so that we see all objects from the same point of view, and through the same reflected medium; we learn to exist not in ourselves, but in books;—all men become alike, mere readers—spectators, not actors, in the scene, and lose all proper personal identity. The templar,—the wit,—the man of pleasure and the man of fashion, the courtier and the citizen, the knight and the squire, the lover and the miser—Lovelace, Lothario, Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley, Sparkish and Lord Foppington, Western and Tom Jones, my Father and my Uncle Toby, Millamant and Sir Sampson Legend, Don Quixote and Sancho, Gil Blas and Guzman d’Alfarache, Count Fathom and Joseph Surface,—have all met and exchanged commonplaces on the barren plains of the *haute littérature*,—toil slowly on to the Temple of Science, seen a long way off upon a level, and end in one dull compound of politics, criticism, chemistry and metaphysics!”

Very pretty writing, certainly; nor can it be disputed that uniformity of surroundings puts a tax upon originality. To make bricks and find your own straw are terms of bondage. Modern characters like modern houses are possibly built too much on the same lines. Dickens’s description of Coketown is not easily forgotten:—

“All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction.”

And the inhabitants of Coketown are exposed to the same objection as their buildings. Every one sinks all traces of what he vulgarly calls “the shop” (that is, his lawful calling), and

busily pretends to be nothing. Distinctions of dress are found irksome. A barrister of feeling hates to be seen in his robes save when actually engaged in a case. An officer wears his uniform only when obliged. Doctors have long since shed all outward signs of their healing art. Court dress excites a smile. A countess in her jewels is reckoned indecent by the British workman, who, all unemployed, puffs his tobacco smoke against the window-pane of the carriage that is conveying her ladyship to a drawing-room; and a West-end clergyman is with difficulty restrained from telling his congregation what he had been told the British workman said on that occasion. Had he but had the courage to repeat those stirring words, his hearers (so he said) could hardly have failed to have felt their force—so unusual in such a place; but he had not the courage, and the sermon of the pavement remains unpreached. The toe of the peasant is indeed kiping the heel of the courtier. The passion for equality in externals cannot be denied. We are all woven strangely in the same piece, and so it comes about that, though our modern society has invented new callings, those callings have not created new types. Stockbrokers, directors, official liquidators, philanthropists, secretaries, not of State, but of Companies, speculative builders, are a new kind of people known to many, indeed playing a great part among us, but who, for all that, have not enriched the stage with a single character. Were they to disappear to-morrow (*hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme*), to be blown dancing away like the leaves before Shelley's west wind, where in reading or play-going would posterity encounter them? Almost alone amongst the children of men, the pale student of the law, burning the midnight oil in some one of the "high lonely towers" recently built by the benchers of the Middle Temple (in the Italian taste), would, whilst losing his youth over

that interminable series 'The Law Reports,' every now and again strike across the old track, once so noisy with the bayings of the well-paid hounds of justice, and, pushing his way along it, trace the history, to us so familiar, of the bogus Company from the acclamations attendant upon its illegitimate birth to the hour of disgrace when it dies in a dull court by strangulation at the hands of the professional wrecker. The pale student will not be a wholly unsympathetic reader. Great swindles have ere now made great reputations, and lawyers may surely be permitted to take a pensive interest in such matters.

"Not one except the Attorney was amused—
He, like Achilles faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the
cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws."

But our elder dramatists would not have let any of these characters swim out of their ken. A glance over Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, is enough to reveal their frank and easy method. Their characters, like an apothecary's drugs, wear labels round their necks. Mr. Justice Clement and Mr. Justice Greedy; Master Matthew, the town gull; Sir Giles Overreach; Sir Epicure Mammon; Mr. Plenty; Sir John Frugal, need no explanatory context. Are our dramatists to blame for withholding from us the heroes of our modern society? Ought we to have

"Sir Moses, Sir Aaron, Sir Jamramagee,
Two stock-jobbing Jews, and a shuffling
Parsee!"

Baron Contango, the Hon. Mr. Guinea-Pig, poor Miss Impulsia Allottee, Mr. Jeremiah Builder—Rare Old Ben, who was fond of the City, would have given us them all and many more; but though we may well wish he were here to do it, we ought, I think, to confess, under cover of anonymity, that the humour of these typical persons who so swell the *dramatis personæ* of an Elizabethan is, to say the

least of it, not obvious. There is a certain warm-hearted tradition about their very names which makes disrespect painful. It seems a churl's part not to laugh, as did our fathers before us, at the humours of the conventional parasite or impossible serving-man; but we laugh because we will, and not because we must.

Genuine comedy—the true tickling scene, exquisite absurdity, soul-rejoicing incongruity—has really nothing to do with types, prevailing fashions, and such like vulgarities. Sir Andrew Aguecheek is not a typical fool; he is a fool, seised in fee simple of his folly.

Humour lies not in generalisations but in the individual; not in his hat nor in his hose, even though the latter be "cross-gartered"; but in the deep heart of him, in his high-flying vanities, his low-lying oddities—what we call his "ways"—nay, in the very motions of his back as he crosses the road. These stir our laughter whilst he lives and our tears when he dies, for in mourning over him we know full well we are taking part in our own obsequies. "But indeed," wrote Charles Lamb (may the devil—the expression is the gentle Elia's—jug those who ever write *poor* Charles Lamb), "we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone."

Literature is but the reflex of life, and the humour of it lies in the portrayal of the individual not the type; and though the young man in 'Locksley Hall' no doubt observes

that the "individual withers," we have but to take down George Meredith's novels to find the fact is otherwise, and that we have still one amongst us who takes notes, and against the battery of whose quick wits even the costly raiments of Poole are no protection. We are forced as we read to exclaim with Petruchio, "Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me." No doubt, the task of the modern humourist is not so easy as it was. The surface ore has been mostly picked up. In order to win the precious metal you must now work with in-stroke and out-stroke after the most approved methods. Sometimes one would enjoy it a little more if we did not hear quite so distinctly the snorting of the engine, and the groaning and the creaking of the gear as it painfully winds up its prize: but what would you? Methods, no less than men, must have the defects of their qualities.

If, therefore, it be the fact that our National Comedy is in a decline, we must look for some other reasons for it than those suggested by Hazlitt in 1817. When Mr. Chadband inquired "Why can we not fly, my friends?" Mr. Snagsby ventured to observe "in a cheerful and rather knowing tone, 'No wings!'" but he was immediately frowned down by Mrs. Snagsby. We lack courage to suggest that the somewhat heavy-footed movements of our recent dramatists are in any way due to their not being provided with those twin adjuncts indispensable for the genius who would soar.

HORTON.

THERE is an interest about the localities in which great ideas were conceived almost greater than that attaching to the places where they were carried out. With however reverent an excitement we look at the walls of Jerusalem, our sensations are almost more poignant at the first sight of the low, bare hills with the scrubby olives and rounded terebinths where Jesus of Nazareth went apart to pray. There is often a sensation of vulgarity attaching to the concrete realisation of a grand design—a vulgarity inseparable from the materials employed and the instruments used. But there is nothing vulgar about the quiet and repose of a retreat in which so many a great ideal shaped itself in a noble mind. We are liable, too, to comprehend in such localities the full vastness of great ideas, the unapproachableness of genius. The woods, the waters, farms and fields—such a landscape as we have known and loved all our lives; and in the midst of these a human mind, like, yet so unlike ours, dreaming, devising, creating—we do not feel tempted to say, as we do at the centres of old enthusiasm, the scenes of past world-tragedies—"If these advantages had been mine, if I had lived in such a crisis, if I had moved in the midst of those fiery thoughts, those inspiring individualities, I might have risen to greatness too." But alone in the homely country, face to face with Nature at her mildest, such a temptation vanishes; we wonder, and are overwhelmed.

Horton is such a place. It is in the extreme south of Buckinghamshire, in a little jutting angle of that county. It has the Buckinghamshire characteristics in the highest degree. A broad, flat, expanse, dotted with distant wood, denoting either a park

or a village; a stiff clay soil, so obdurate that after heavy rain the water lies in the fields for some time before it can soak away; a land of slow, silent, brimming streams, like the Coln, fringed with innumerable pollards; a country inexpressibly dreary in the gloomy November days, canopied over by an impenetrable mist for week after week, or with a dull river fog, settling in clammy moisture on stones and palings, and running in drops about the deposits of rotting leaves. And even on such days as that on which I last visited it, when a boisterous warm south wind was tearing and rolling up the clouds in all directions, there is a feeling of listlessness about the region. In summer, on the still dry days, over the western horizon lies a long, low, unchanging bank of dun cloud or mist, which, when stirred by a westerly breeze, rises like the genie of the Arabian Nights, and hangs a heavy garment half across the sky—the smoke of London.

The pleasantest way to approach Horton is across the fields from Datchet. As you near the village you come across a gigantic pollard oak, a remnant of the antique chase of Ditton (a similar monster stands at the corner of the Duke of Buccleuch's park, half-a-mile across the fields); then you become aware by sight of laurestinus and feathery pampas, and a certain trimness in the privet-hedge in front, that you are approaching a mansion of some kind; and now it is seen—a stately villa of Queen Anne's time, with that air of old-world genial comfort about it, that mellow brick and flat-topped windows contrive to give. This is a sort of out-post; a moment more, and, picking your way across a piece of marshy ground—full of dry bulrush now, and in summer of fig-wort,

willow-herb, and meadow-sweet, and even the tall ostentatious spikes of loose-strife, haunted by water-rats in dozens—you come upon a grand, old-fashioned farm; a snipe at this moment flicks out of the rushes, and dodges out of sight across the marsh we have just left, a sign that Horton is not much disturbed by wandering mankind.

The road leads past two or three more rambling brick houses, each with the gravel sweep up to the front door, each delightfully unlike the rest, at varying distances from the road; one all front and no back, another with an unpromising portico, but row after row of huddling windows, stretching away to the cedar on the back lawn; houses that defy conjecture as to possible or even likely denizens; that suggest finally old maids of settled habits, and a very close scrutiny of life from their own or one another's parlour windows, the parson and the doctor their ideals of saintliness and sanity.

A three-cornered green, and a great, broad high-shouldered, irregular church, built of grey stone and mottled flints, with a chantry all out of proportion both in style and size to the rest of the building, giving it a peculiar and yet indefinable charm. The churchyard is bounded on both sides, though open to the road, by more brick walls—in this case older still—of the date when they have begun to be more yellow than red, dotted all over with crinkled rosettes of lichen, and tufted at the top with snapdragon and wall-flower. In the middle of one side are two gigantic stone-topped gateposts, the intervening space unhappily now bricked up—probably by the same proprietor who pulled down the Elizabethan manor-house, with its gables and mullions, that lurked amid moats and fishponds among the chestnuts behind the church, and substituted the stainless white house, with its circular pillared porch and double flight of steps, in style more like the mansion depicted in house-moving

advertisements than any other existing residence.

After gazing a little at the church—locked, of course, and we are in too desultory a mood to hunt for the Rectory and the key, though there is a certain inscribed blue-slate tombstone that we ought to see—we languidly inquire of a rustic, who has suspended what little occupation he had been engaged in, firmly planting his spade in the ground the while to watch our movements with microscopic interest, if he can direct us to the principal object of our pilgrimage. Receiving a somewhat ambiguous answer, we retrace our steps, and passing the farm from whose back we had struck into the road, we set our faces resolutely to the country. The road is dotted with Buckinghamshire cottages, woodwork and brick and delicious dilapidation; over the fallow and orchards at the right we can see the red roofs and yellow walls of Colnbrook. There is not a hill in sight, and overhead, as though to mark the solitude of the place, floats a heron down the wind, with an occasional flap of the great wings, towards the solitudes of Ditton or Black Park. Then a flock of peewits whirl querulously out of a ploughed field on the left with their thin, hopeless note, and in a few seconds are sixty feet up in air, unmistakable still by their curved wings and almost invisible bodies. And at last we draw up opposite a square yellow-brick villa of the pretentious, and yet slipshod, kind; henceoops and scattered provender on the lawn; a rank of ducks come clamouring out of a wicket, and an indolent-looking spaniel saunters inquiringly down to the gate, to do the honours of the house if he feels disposed.

"Milton villa," horrible juxtaposition! yet this is the only trace beside the blue-slate stone in the church, of the presence that gives Horton its significance and sacredness. It stands, it is said, upon the very site. And the view, too, is probably little altered. Across the fields you

see Windsor Castle, the only difference between what it looked then and what appears now being the altered height of the Round Tower, then more squat, and the trees which fringe these north-easterly slopes; for the Georgian pointing and the hideous Portland we are fortunately too far off to distinguish. And the fields; they must have been a little more trackless and irregular, more bosky and tumbled, retaining a little more hill and dale, an irregularity which generation after generation of ploughing has nearly counteracted; with copses and old field roads, if we can trust the dim Constables and Gainsboroughs, and with a general sense of less being required from them: a feeling, distressing to the economist but beloved by the poet, that landlords did not try to work the earth quite so hard, to get all they could out of her, but let her have her way in patches and corners, and make a little pastime of her own in nooks and dingles, so long as she served them well in the open ground; perhaps the reason why she seems to be in revolt just now.

But here let our amateur researches have an end. We will not dive into parish registers and title-deeds; we need not inquire whether the old scrivener held his lease from the Bulstrodes of Bulstrode or the Earl of Bridgewater. We have merely come to Horton to try and realise a page in a biography—to try and read a great figure into a landscape where it was once at home.

A solitary scholar living in the country—a picture with little variety of outline but an indefinable charm. It was not till Charles the Second that the “fascinating pleasure of sauntering” was devised, developed, and dignified, but we may be quite sure that Milton knew of it. Tired a little of the inconveniences of Buckinghamshire, the frequency of visits to London necessary for books and music, he speaks of taking chambers at an Inn of Court,—and why? To get “a

pleasant and shady walk,” as he writes to Deodati, where he might loiter and dream. For it must be confessed that the beauty of which he was enamoured was not the beauty of Nature. Milton was not one of those who in times of stress and dissatisfaction can crouch back to the bosom of the great mother and be at rest there: no! it was rather of the beauty of thought; of high ideals; of conceptions dim and sublime. Nature was no necessity to Milton. In later life he became a settled Londoner, and not a regretful one; he did not fly back into the country as to his true home. He was not the sort of poet who can lie on his back and watch the willow-leaves and the water hour after hour. What he wanted in a country place was quiet, absence of distracting impressions, free play for his mind, and for such sombre fancies as ranged themselves within it.

We may amuse ourselves by conjecturing how his day was spent. In summer, we may imagine, he rose with the dawn to turn over Latin and Greek authors, in no casual *dilettante* spirit, but jotting down facts, hard facts, and little else, as his extract-books show, or impulsively turning a psalm into Greek Homeric, as he writes to Deodati, or pursuing his great scheme of History, laboriously advancing Greeks and Romans through year after year, for “insight into all generous and seemly acts and affairs,” as he says; and then books, books all day, excepting a dreamy stroll, and books again, bringing to them as he did the keen lustre of a mind sharpened by perpetual temperance, and emasculated by no self-indulgence, dimmed by no ungentle retrospects. Like Hippolytus in the Ion he brings with him a gush of morning air and voices of birds; comely with his soft brown curling locks and “exhaling the penetrating fragrance of youth.”

Undoubtedly to settle down for year after year to a life of deliberate aloofness from career or worldly interests shows either a drifting habit like Hawthorne's, which may, as in the

latter's case, bloom into a fantastic but unpruned luxuriance, or a stern devotion to self-education—a plan for intentional culture which few would have the power to devise, very few to carry out. The instinct, the necessity for solitude, characterising either the brutish or the divine nature, was upon him imperiously; he seems (as far as we can judge) to have had no reproachful reveries, no haunting sadness, too often the result of such a choice; for the sonnet on his twenty-third birthday, if read rightly, does not contain a hint of self-blame; it gazes with a momentary melancholy upon the rapacity of time, and its inadequacy for the combination of a practical ideal—but there is nothing more.

Solitary we may be sure he was; not till he was on the point of his continental tour did he put himself in communication even with Henry Wotton, the retired diplomatist and courtier, then Provost of Eton, and residing within a four-mile walk; and then it was only for the sake of convenience in travel and superior introductions. Yet Henry Wotton, with his love for tobacco, and his zealous fishing expeditions, with his bottle of Eton ale, was pre-eminently a sociable person—an ideal for Milton in the graceful touch with which he brought to bear modern ideas and a cosmopolitan ease on a taste naturally delicate and artificially refined. And Wotton, too, as we can absolutely augur from the delightful letter which he writes to him, took the kind of affectionate fancy for Milton which an older and accomplished scholar, who has sucked the honey of life and found, not its sweetness, but only his own powers of enjoyment fail, will sometimes take to a young and fascinating soul, already far upon the same path with himself, like the *λαμπαδηφόρος* of Sparta, a fit successor to whom to hand on the lighted brand. "Your friend, as much at command as any of longer date, Henry Wotton!" "The fomentation of our friendship too soon interrupted in the cradle;" these phrases, occurring

in the first (and only) letter of the elder to the younger man, are not merely complimentary, they are affectionate.

But Milton was a bad correspondent. He speaks of the obstinacy of his silences, confesses that he was by nature slow and reluctant to write. The letters of the Horton period are few, though we cannot argue the same unexpansiveness from a small correspondence then as we can nowadays. But the law is the same for Milton, we can see, as for most men—the fewer obvious duties a man has, the more perfunctorily they will be performed. Milton, with his long contemplative spaces, his complete freedom from business or prescribed action, self-imposed as they were, was probably no exception to the rule.

There is one delightful thing which we glean from scattered hints, notably from Andrew Marvel's description of the arrangement of his ordinary day in later life, and from the sonnet to Henry Lawrence. Milton was one of those home-bred natures that literally loved monotony; the sonnet is a delightful description in the strictest Horatian manner of how to spend a wet day satisfactorily in the country—a light lunch, followed by music or singing.

"He who of such delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

—a delightful confession. Such enjoyment only belongs to the lives of those who cling to home and regular hours, and a small circle of very habitual friends.

He was evidently one of those natures who learnt very early by a kind of fastidious instinct the high pleasures of abstinence; not by tampering with indulgence and finding his mistake, a course which may lower the succeeding temperance from the realm of pleasure to that of a distasteful and curative necessity. He had evidently discovered that spare diet, short slumbers, rigorous restraint, leave, when the first tremors and

cravings of the discontented body are over, the mind pure and free and vigorous with great spring and plenitude of animal spirits, and not dulled or clouded by any of the fumes and humours that haunt the brain of the full-blooded, easy liver. On the other hand, he, no doubt, suffered from the vague and delicious melancholy common to austere souls and eremitic frames; it is a common mistake to speak of music as solacing or charming away such melancholy—it is not so; music is potent to lift the black clouds, the gloomy horrors of morbid melancholy, resulting on mental exhaustion or physical prostration; but the dreamy, pensive mood, a condition of high and exalted delight, needs no curing; it is fed by music, strenuously bruising the sweetness out of it, the harmony and the rhythm working up the soul to a purified ecstasy far different from the blind and animal rapture induced on merely sensuous natures.

Now, the reason why we look with a regretful longing at such an exile, such a sojourn on Patmos as Milton's was, is twofold. We are genuinely charmed by the beauty as well as the rightness and simplicity of a life lived within so secluded a pale; and then there comes another feeling; we admire it because it would be so impossible for ourselves, so intolerable; not because we could not, if we would, step aside from career and place and the struggling world, but because we know we dare not; because such a life is too arduous, too exacting for us. A life apart, if spent in indolence is so inglorious a thing—and we feel that we should so easily slip into that; and thus jaded by the stress of circumstances we peer into such a remote region as this, and wish we had strength and courage to share it too. We know what we would fain pursue; but public feeling, and the lower and apparently simpler issue of staying where we are rushes over us, and we are drawn away again.

Yet if it has been a dream, it has

been a sweet one, to see the young scholar trudging home through the summer twilight, watching the stars come out above the orchards, and the bats flap noiselessly about the warm dusk, while the pleasant country sounds fall fainter and fainter over the fields and running water, till at last there is nothing to be heard but the gurgle of the brimming stream in its pools, and under its long grasses; the sigh of the elms in the fragrant air, and the sound of distant wheels, louder and fainter alternately, speeding some belated traveller home. "What God has resolved concerning me I know not, but this at least; He has instilled into me, at all events, a vehement love of the beautiful. Not with so much labour, as the fables have it, is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpine, as I am wont day and night to seek for the idea of the beautiful (*hanc τοῦ καλοῦ ἰδέαν*) through all the forms or faces of things (for many are the shapes of things divine)." So wrote Milton on a June evening from Horton, stung, it may have been, into speech by the tormenting beauty of the summer twilight.

And we who pursue her too, though faintly and with less heart, where could we find her better than in the picture of the life that imaged this constant thought? We seem to be very near her; almost to clutch the fringe of her garments and comprehend the vanishing form.

But our reverie too must have an end. A clock peals its summons from a red Colnbrook roof, undistinguishably grey in the evening colouring; the setting sun is doing his best to atone for the Vandalism of the wind by gilding the ragged cloud-terraces an angry red. It seems as if a mighty spirit had been abroad, drawing all who were attuned in mood and will into consonance with him. Let us creep home in silence, for he has passed over and gone by.

THE SENTIS.

LEFT were the busy quays, the street,
The alleys where the lindens meet,
The lilies on the convent pond,
The convent vanes that soared beyond.

High up the towering hill we stand,
Round us the hush of fairy land;
Sheer down beneath our feet outlay
The town, the cape, the crescent bay;

The sombre haze of Baden's wood,
The brimming lake's broad gleaming flood,
Bavaria's long low purple line,
The gentle inflow of the Rhine;

And bosky Austrian headlands steep
That pushed into the rippling deep;
While southward far swelled high o'er all
The Vorarlberg's grey battered wall.

Then on we panted, keen to gain
The goal that crowns the climber's pain;
An opening in the pines, and lo!
The Sentis, with its cone of snow!

Across deep leagues of limpid air,
How close it looked! how ghostly fair!
A silent vision to bring tears
Of rapture through the ebbing years.

The pink flush fades as back we go,
And cold winds from the glaciers blow.
We parted: I passed on in haste,
'Neath roaring fall and frozen waste,

Through valleys bleached with apple bloom,
By Thusis, and the gorge of gloom,
Swept sledge-borne o'er the Splügen wild
To lake-sides where the myrtle smiled;

And breathed at last in gales of balm
Where by the blue wave dreams the palm,
And sighted, sixty miles away,
Peter's white peak in Corsica.

Yet ever with me, snow-besprent,
The phantom of the mountain went,
Lofty and sad, a giant lone,
Spell-bound upon his stony throne.

I see it (as I saw it then),
Here by the burn in Sannox glen;
Scarce sharper showed it that clear morn,
'Mid the weird realm of alp and horn.

LONGFELLOW.¹

"I HAVE neither space, nor wish," writes Mr. Ruskin in his autobiography,² "to extend my proposed account of things that have been by records of correspondence; it is too much the habit of modern biographers to confuse epistolary talk with vital fact." It is a long while since Mr. Ruskin has written anything so entirely to the purpose. In too much, perhaps, of all modern writing the vital fact is apt to get a little confused and lost sight of; in biography it is certainly so. How could it be otherwise? Half of our latter-day biographies were worth writing in no circumstances; considerably more than one half of the remainder have too obviously been written in circumstances that could not but be fatal to the best biographer who ever set himself to paint a man "in his habit as he lived." That Gyas and Cloanthus were brave men no one doubts; and all would cordially allow them the merit of having been most charming in their family circles. But when the story of their lives comes to be writ large in black and white, how apt the charm is to fade. In the garish light of print the ways, the looks, the arts that seemed so winning and so wonderful to those who saw and felt them in their freshness, are apt to show such little things. The wit and the learning that set the affectionate critics of the fireside in a roar, or lulled them into mute admiring, but make the stony public stare. Those ethereal eyes that flashed such heavenly gleams beneath the bar of Michael Angelo, fade to the common light of every day. The great wave that was to fill the world with its

echoes sinks to a rustic murmur. "His coat, his waistcoat, his shoes and stockings, his trousers, his hat, his wit and humour, his pathos and his umbrella, all come before me like visions of my youth." That is the way of half our modern biographies. Mr. Sampson Brass failed as a lawyer; but had he lived on to our time he might have made his fortune as a biographer. A cunning artist may indeed contrive to give these dry bones some semblance of life; but cunning artists do not just at present seem inclined to labour in the field of biography. Too often the work has not even the saving virtue of Justice Shallow's estate:—"Barren, barren, barren; marry, good air;" but we miss even the good air.

And in those rare cases where the tale of the finished life is one we would willingly hear, still some malign spirit is so apt to intervene. So fast the world moves now, so strenuously must we all pant after it, that unless the page comes hot from the press to supplement the funeral service, it is, we say, or seem to say, too late. The moment passes with the man. It is, indeed, a wonder we do not improve on the French fashion, and deliver our biographies impromptu over the open grave. They could not well be more perfunctory; and they could not but be shorter.

Small wonder then that our current biographical literature is such as it so frequently is; so confused, so barren and yet so wordy, so wanting in selection, arrangement, proportion; that so rarely the right man seems to have been chosen, or to have chosen himself, for the work. He who can work fastest is the man for our money; and where angels fear to tread who knows not what manner of man rushes in?

¹ 'The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.' Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Two volumes. London, 1886.

² 'Præterita,' ch. vii.

To all such biographers the habit Mr. Ruskin deprecates must be a boon indeed. To swell the volumes out with an unsorted, undigested mass of letters, journals, unpublished scraps, and the like, takes little time and less trouble; and thus at one blow fall the two great foes to modern literature. And it is a habit, moreover, which looks well upon the booksellers' counters. For we seem to have reversed in this, as in so many instances, the decision of our fathers, and hold a great book now to be no great evil. The reviewers may protest—when their own withers are unwrung; but who now cares for a reviewer?

Far be it from us to class Mr. Samuel Longfellow among these slipshod biographers; but we are bound to say that his work furnishes a very remarkable text to Mr. Ruskin's sermon. The two volumes make up about nine hundred pages, and we very much doubt if there are fifty of these unoccupied by the journals and correspondence. Mr. Longfellow, indeed, makes no pretence. In this fashion it seemed to him his appointed work could best be done; and in this fashion he has done it. Let him be heard in his own defence:—

"The reader must be reminded at the outset, and must remember all along, that this is the life of a man of letters. Mr. Longfellow was not that exclusively, but he was that supremely. He touched life at many points; and certainly he was no bookworm or dry-dust scholar shut up in a library. He kept the doors of his study always open, both literally and figuratively. But literature, as it was his earliest ambition, was always his most real interest; it was his constant point of view; it was his chosen refuge. His very profession was a literary one. Now, the life of a man of letters must needs be unexciting and uneventful in the eyes of men of activities and affairs. In such a life, a new book is a great adventure, a new poem or tale a chief event. Such a life can be painted only by a multitude of minute touches. For this reason, and because it was desirable that he should tell his own story as far as possible, a large part of this biography is made up of extracts from a daily journal. By such a method could the reader best learn how a man of letters spends his time, and what occupies his thoughts. It brings the reader face to face

with the author whom he has known in his books; letting him, as far as is fitting, into his intimacy. It presupposes an interest in, and a familiarity with, the writings whose inception and completion are so frequently, if briefly, noted. It trusts much to the personal interest which, in this instance, the writings seem in a remarkable degree to have inspired—an interest which it is believed this book, if it may in some things modify, will in no degree diminish. If in anything it should seem to fall short, let it be remembered that the poet had already put the best of himself into his books."

Precisely; but then, why give us so very much of the second best? Not being quite of Mr. Ruskin's stern virtue, we will cordially own that journals and correspondence are in themselves no bad things. Probably no one ever wished that Boswell or Lockhart or Mr. Trevelyan had given us less of either in their famous biographies. But there are journals and journals, correspondence and correspondence.

"August 3rd (1848). The capacity of the human frame for sleep in summer is very great. F. read Channing's Life till dinner.

"4th. Brought T. with us to Melville's. A long chat in the evening, of course; about France and England, and Emerson and Tennyson, and Milnes and Florence Nightingale.

"5th. Walked with T. and C. to the pond. Found an enormous leech; propitiously sign for bathers! Afternoon, drove to Dr. Holmes's house on the old Wendell farm; a snug little place, with views of the river and the mountains."

The Grand Vizier must certainly have died in Boston about that time!

There are better things than this in the diary, of course; just as there are many letters in the two volumes better worth printing than this:—

"To ———. March 17th, 1842.

"I beg you to accept my thanks for your expressions of regard. I feel sincerely happy when I hear that anything I have written from my own heart finds a response in another's. I feel this to be the best reward an author can receive; as his highest privilege is to speak words of sincerity to those who will in sincerity hear them."

The sentiment here expressed is a very just and charming one; but inasmuch as it is well-nigh as old as authorship it cannot well be called

characteristic of this author; and as the reader is left in complete ignorance of the person addressed, and the work which stirred his, or her, sympathy, the irrelevance of the document is, to say the least, not diminished. We do not mean to offer these extracts as samples either of the journals or the correspondence; in the earlier part especially there is much that is very different from this, much that, if not absolutely vital, is at any rate pleasant to read and interesting; but certainly the supply of these very "minute touches" seems rather in excess of any reasonable demand.

We are very far indeed from wishing to cavil at this labour of love; and indeed the faults, such as they are, obviously arise from a feeling which one cannot but respect, while regretting that it should have marred what might have been so interesting a record of the life of so devoted and sincere a man of letters. How hard it must have been to let the editor over-ride the friend, to silence one of these voices of the dead, all will understand. Yet there is a duty imposed on all who would make a book for the people to read; and sentiment cannot be suffered to stand in its way. There must be passages in every journal which to the public eye will seem trivial and commonplace. The business of keeping a journal is apt to grow mechanical; sooner than let it languish the writer will jot down anything which comes into his head, merely to keep his hand in, or to satisfy the sense of duty. And often these insignificant entries will prove most pleasant and capable handmaids to memory, stealing fire and many another comfort from the fountains of the past. But to us who are not behind the scenes they have not this virtue. And it is the same with letters. Those yellow, faded pages which seem perhaps to us so bald, so pointless, so unnecessary, may to him for whose eye they were written have been through long years inexhaustible

sources of consolation, tender secrets, sweet remembrances of the loved and lost, long lost but unforgotten.

"The touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still,"

may be felt and heard in every line—but not by all. There they are; the mere "epistolary talk," the passing chatter of the moment, the idle thought, the trivial record of an empty day—and "the vital fact." It is the business of an editor to separate the last from the heap and to give it to us. Mr. Longfellow has not done this. One cannot be hard on him for the defects of his book, remembering whence no doubt they came; but one cannot be blind to them.

And in the case of such a life as Longfellow's, and such a temperament, this business of separation was pre-eminently necessary. That life so even, so serene, so unvexed by all jarring sounds that echoed outside the four walls of his Cambridge library, flowed on as tranquilly as his own dear river Charles—

"The beauty of whose stillness
Overflowed him like a tide."

Very beautiful was his life, and very still. In one of his later pieces there are some lines which one might almost fancy designed for his own theory of existence, if not for his practice—

"On its terraced walk aloof,
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he."

An indolent man he never was. Indeed during his tenure of the chairs of Modern Literature and Languages, first at Bowdoin College and afterwards at Harvard, that is to say, from his twenty-second to his forty-

seventh year, he was an extremely industrious man. Rarely through those years did a day pass without its line. He did not, as some do, take the completion of a work as the signal for a holiday, but rather as the signal for leisure to begin a new one. In his journal for the year 1847, the fortieth year of his life, is this passage:—"Evangeline is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning. And now for a little prose; a romance, which I have in my brain—Kavanagh by name." And most assuredly he did not neglect his pupils. Never did a more conscientious professor hold a chair, and never, probably, a more popular one. Though the conditions of his appointment at Bowdoin College only prescribed instruction in modern languages, he carefully prepared a course of written lectures, besides selecting and editing many text-books for the students. Finding no French grammar to his taste, we are told, he translated and printed for the use of his pupils the grammar of L'Homond, which had the particular virtue of containing all that was essential in a small compass. He also in the same year edited a collection of French 'Proverbes Dramatiques,' and a small Spanish reader, 'Novelas Españolas.'

"Among the French books in the library," he writes to his father, "I have just found a few volumes which are so much what is wanted for a text-book that I have concluded to make a selection from them for my pupils and others. The work is a collection of Dramatic Proverbs, or small plays, such as are performed in Paris by ladies and gentlemen in private society. The book is so exactly what we stand in need of that I am only surprised that something of the kind has not appeared here before. The more I see of the life of an instructor, the more I wonder at the course generally pursued by teachers. They seem to forget that the young mind is to be *interested* in order to be instructed. Look at the text-books in use. What are they? Extracts from the best and most polished writers of the nation; food for mature minds, but a fruit that hangs beyond the reach of children, or those whose ignorance of a foreign language puts on the footing of children. But the little collection which I propose to publish unites the simplicity and ease of conversation with the interest of a short comedy which turns

upon some situation in common life, and whose plot illustrates some familiar proverb which stands at its head by way of motto."

This view of education is common enough now, but it was not so common half a century ago, and even less common probably in America than in England. It is much to the young and untried professor's credit that he should have broken from the bondage of custom, and dared to amuse his pupils as well as instruct them. And he did more; he interested and attracted them. "His intercourse with the students," writes one, "was perfectly simple, frank, and manly." "His manner," testifies another, "was invariably full of that charming courtesy which it never lacked throughout his whole life. . . . He was always on the alert, quick to hear, ready to respond. We were fond of him from the start; his speech charmed us; his earnest and dignified demeanour inspired us." To his chosen friend, George Greene, he about this time gives a pleasant picture of his life at the college—

"I rise at six in the morning, and hear a French recitation of Sophomores immediately. At seven I breakfast, and am then master of my time till eleven, when I hear a Spanish lesson of juniors. After that I take a lunch; and at twelve I go into the library" (he was librarian as well as professor) "where I remain till one. I am then at leisure for the afternoon till five, when I have a French recitation of juniors. At six I take coffee; then walk and visit friends till nine; study till twelve, and sleep till six, when I begin the same round again. Such is the daily routine of my life. The intervals of college-duty, I fill up with my own studies. . . . You see, I lead a very sober, jog-trot kind of life. My circle of acquaintances is very limited. I am on very intimate terms with three families, and that is quite enough. I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society. I am delighted more and more with the profession I have embraced, and hope ere long to see you in a situation similar to my own."

His duties at Harvard, in which he succeeded George Ticknor in 1837, were more distinctly professorial, and left him accordingly more leisure for his own studies and for society. To

the same friend he writes in the beginning of that year—

"I have taken up my abode in Cambridge. My chambers are very pleasant, with great trees in front, whose branches almost touch my windows; so that I have a nest not unlike the birds, being high up in the third story. . . . My life here is very quiet and agreeable. Like the clown in Shakespeare, I have 'no enemy but winter and rough weather.' I wish never a worse one. . . . I am now occupied in preparing a course of lectures on German literature, to be delivered next summer. I do not write them out, but make notes and translations. I think this the best way decidedly. In this course something of the Danish and Swedish (the new feathers in my cap) is to be mingled. From all this you will gather that my occupations are of the most delightful kind."

A little later, when he had moved into Craigie House, which was to be his home for the rest of his life, he sends to the same friend a rather less satisfied picture of his condition:—

"I live in a great house which looks like an Italian villa; have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once General Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard, or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night save now and then. Most of the time I am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock coat, a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society. The last year have written a great deal, enough to make volumes. Have not read much. Have a number of literary plans and projects, some of which will ripen before long, and be made known to you. I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want to travel."

His sedate toilette was possibly adopted in deference to the sober tastes of the new community he had entered. On his first appearance it was thought his fancies that way were a little too florid, showing rather too much colour in the matter of waistcoats and cravats; just as some sterner academic tastes at first found his lectures rather "too flowery." It was perhaps some momentary sense of revolt against this Puritanism that led him to write rather

angrily to his father about "the Little-Peddlington community of Boston." "Boston is only a great village," he says; and, "the tyranny of public opinion there surpasses all belief;"—a private opinion one has heard more than once expressed since. To his father, also, he sends this sketch of the course of his first year's lectures—

"(1) Introduction. History of the French Language. (2) The other languages of the South of Europe. (3) History of the Northern, or Gothic, Languages. (4) Anglo-Saxon Literature. (5 and 6) Swedish Literature. (7) Sketch of German Literature. (8, 9, 10) Life and Writings of Goethe. (11 and 12) Life and Writings of Jean Paul Richter. Some of these are written lectures; others will be delivered from notes. If I feel well during the summer and am in good spirits, I may extend the course. People seem to feel some curiosity about the lectures, and consequently I am eager to commence, relying mainly for success on the interesting topics I shall be able to bring forward. Having in my own mind an idea, and a pretty fixed one, of what lectures should be, and having undertaken nothing but what I feel myself competent to do without effort, I have no great anxiety as to the result."

He lectured orally once a week the year through, and in the summer term read two weekly papers on literary history or *belles-lettres* in addition. Besides these he was expected to generally supervise the studies in foreign languages; the tutors as well as the students, and the former seem to have given him most trouble. In the autumn of the same year he writes to his father—

"My lectures make something of a parade on paper, and require of course some attention, though they are all unwritten, save the summer course, which I think I shall this year write out. The arrangement with the Committee requires me to lecture but once a week. I throw in another, to show that I am not reluctant to work, and likewise for my own good; namely, to make me read attentively, give me practice, and keep me from growing indolent. It is, however, astonishing how little I accomplish during a week. And then this *four-in-hand* of outlandish animals" (the foreign tutors) "all pulling the wrong way, except one,—this gives me more trouble than anything else. I have more anxiety about their doing well than about my own. I

think I should be more satisfied if I did the work all myself. Nevertheless, I take things very easily, not expecting perfection, and making the best of all things."

That was his way: to take things easily, and make the best of all things. He did not ignore the active life outside his own little world. He did not, as some men of letters have done, profess to despise it. It would be unfair to him to say he had no sympathy with it. Sympathy he had for everything and everybody. His study-door stood, in his biographer's expressive phrase, always open; and within beat always an open heart. The affection he seems to have inspired in all who knew him, here as well as in his own country, is rare indeed in the history of letters; one hardly knows, perhaps, where to match it, save in the life of Walter Scott. It is beautifully and fitly expressed in the lines Mr. Lowell (his successor at Harvard) wrote for his sixtieth birthday—

"With loving breath of all the winds, his name
Is blown about the world; but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends."

The man to whom such praise could be given can never have been or seemed cold, or careless, or unsympathetic. His own work is proof enough to the contrary. Its chiefest charm lies in the sweet and liberal charity it breathes for all sorts and conditions of men. One might apply to him, though in a different sense, the lines of Coleridge:—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Whatever stirred the life around him, but outside his own, served to feed the gentle flame of his universal charity and good-will. Yet though he looked on all things with a kindly eye, he looked on them with an incurious one.

No. 319.—VOL. LIV.

He sympathised with Sumner's political struggles, because Sumner was his friend; but he regretted them. "Nothing but politics now," he writes in 1848. "Oh, where are those genial days when literature was the theme of our conversation?" Eleven years later, on December 2nd, 1859, a memorable day in the annals of America, his journal shows this note:—"This will be a great day in our history; the date of a new revolution—quite as much needed as the old one. Even now, as I write, they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon." Then follow at intervals such passages 'as these:—"Read the newspapers. No good cheer there. Rebellion stalks through the land. South Carolina talks nothing but fire and fury. She says she *will* secede this time. Better this than have the North yield, which I am always a little afraid of. I hope we shall stand firm, and so end the matter once for all." . . . "News comes that Fort Sumter is attacked. And so the war begins! Who can foresee the end?" . . . "We are in the beginning of a civil war. A very bitter thought! Dined with Judge Phillips to meet Bryant." There is something almost abnormal, though we certainly would not say displeasing, in the spectacle of a man thus serenely pursuing his even life in the midst of such tremendous scenes. "With me," he said, "all deep feelings are silent ones." But it is hard to conceive any of his feelings as very deep. His affection for his family and friends was very pure and sweet and genuine; but great depth of feeling is rarely found in natures of his mould.

An ideal temperament for the man of letters was Longfellow's—if perhaps something less so for the poet—and an ideal life. It was uneventful enough in the common sense. There were his two periods of travel in Europe; the first taken to prepare

himself for the chair at Bowdoin College, the second, five years later, to ground himself more thoroughly in the German and other northern languages. In the first he saw France, Spain, Italy, and Germany; and if he never attained to the extraordinary mastery over tongues claimed for Sir William Jones, at least he became a very tolerable proficient in the languages and literatures of those countries. In the second he paid a short visit to England, studied for some months at Stockholm and Copenhagen, passed the winter and spring in Heidelberg, saw Switzerland and the Tyrol, and so home again. His letters during this first period fill nearly a hundred pages of the first volume. Very interesting they must have been to the home circle, but perhaps a little less so now to the general reader. Full of good temper they are, and a wish to be pleased with everything and everybody. But they are curiously impersonal. One takes from them so little idea either of the young traveller, or of the countries and people seen. The chief impression we, for our part, have got from them is a pleasant little sketch of Washington Irving working at his 'Life of Columbus' in the early summer mornings at Madrid—and that was drawn many years after from memory! This, and the poetical gondolier at Venice who had served Byron, and remembered him as "a little pale man, but full of vivacity and talent," are the only impressions that have stayed with us from this part of the book. Perhaps it was with this time, too, as his biographer says it was with the later time,—he put the best of himself into his books; and the best of his travels is to be got from the pages of 'Hyperion' and 'Outre-Mer,' the former of which must always keep its place among autobiographies, as well for its graceful, tender personality, as for its romantic and literary charm. Thirty years later he was in England once more, and, with several members of his family, retracing the track of his early

wanderings. It was during his second visit to Germany that his first wife died; five and twenty years later a yet more tragic fate deprived him of his second wife. She died from injuries received by her dress catching fire, while she was sealing up, with her two little girls, some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. But, save for these two sorrows, and the loss of a little daughter, the seventy-five years of his life were singularly serene and happy ones; his college duties, his books—those he read and those he wrote—and his friends made up the sum of his tranquil and blameless existence. The student in 'The Tales of a Wayside Inn' might stand well for the author's own portrait, though it was, we are told, designed for one of his friends Mr. Henry Ware Wales:—

A youth was there of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days.
To whom all tongues and lands are known,
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.

We question whether the tale of such a man's life was to be best told as Mr. Longfellow has thought. He was hardly the man to be his own biographer. One of that group of friends, of whom only such meagre and tantalising glimpses are vouchsafed us in these journals, would have drawn, we suspect, a better portrait. One there was—is, we can happily say—who would have drawn it well; one whom all English men of letters are even now preparing to welcome once more among them. What a picture might not Mr. Lowell have given us of his friend! For he could have said, in the beautiful words in which Callimachus mourned for the dead Heraclitus,

... ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσσάκις ἀμφοτέροι
ἤλιον ἐν λίσσῃ κατεβύσαμεν.¹

¹ "And I remembered how often we two had talked the sun to rest."

What pictures, too, could he not have given us of the men who went in those years to Craigie House, that pleasant home, so rich in memories of Washington and "the brave days of old," so rich now in memories of a gentler time and fame. Pictures of Emerson and Hawthorne, of Charles Sumner and Prescott and Motley, of Agassiz and Felton, "heartiest of Greek Professors," as Charles Dickens used to call him; and of the Englishmen who came there to visit one whom England loved not less than America, of Dickens himself, and Thackeray, and Clough. What stories might he not have told of the suppers given in their honour, *noctes cœnæque deum*; of the famous dinners of the Saturday Club; and that earlier society, which called itself "The Five of Clubs," but by some wicked wags who were beyond the pale was called "The Mutual Admiration Society." Had Mr. Lowell done for Longfellow, what Dr. Holmes has done for Emerson, what a book we might have had!

An ideal life, we have said, an ideal temperament, for the man of letters; but perhaps something less so for the poet.

"Visions of childhood! stay, oh stay!

Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
'It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,

Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,

Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds!

A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, "It is past!
We can return no more!"

"Look then into thine own heart, and write!

Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

So he wrote in this thirty-second year, by way of prelude to his first volume of poems, 'Voices of the Night.' And he did look into his own heart, and wrote what he found there. But he found there soft rays of sunshine, and holy thoughts like stars, rather than withered leaves, and heavens black with sin; the forms that came to him were those of delight rather than sorrow; the voices he heard had more power to soothe than affright. Such sorrow as his verse expresses is of that kind that softens and refines the heart, not wrings or crushes it. No one, indeed, could better describe the charm of his verse than he himself has.

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

"For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

"Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
As tears from the eyelids start;

"Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

It is this tender restful charm which gave Longfellow his great, his universal popularity, a popularity which only Lord Tennyson has matched since Byron died. And it will always insure him a certain vogue among the young, and, with a particular order of minds, not only among the young. In the highest moment of his fame we should doubt if it ever occurred to any one to call him a great poet, even among his own countrymen, anxious as they were for one. That he assuredly was not. It is unnecessary to compare him with Poe, if for no other reason than this, that Poe's volume of verse is so scanty, and much of it such mere verbiage. But assuredly Longfellow at his very best never reached such a height as Poe for one moment stood on when he conceived the lines beginning, "Helen, thy beauty is to me." Sometimes, but rarely, he strikes a note that suggests something beyond the words, as in the close of this stanza from the poem called 'My Lost Youth':—

"I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

And in the shorter piece, 'Daylight and Moonlight'—so short that it may be quoted entirely—there is a sense of something behind the veil, which is not common to him:—

"In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

"In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom or a ghost.

"But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

"Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

"And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery."

And again in that passage where Evangeline wanders out into the night from the new home of Basil the blacksmith, on the banks of the Têche, crying on her lover who seemed still to fly her as she followed:—

"Loud and sudden and near the note of a
whippoorwill sounded,
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through
the neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and
dropped into silence.
'Patience!' whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness;
And from the moonlit meadow, a sigh
responded, 'To-morrow!'"

And the closing lines of the poem, where the lovers come together at last, will always keep their place among the favourite and familiar passages of English verse for the infinite pity of the scene, and the tender, melancholy grace of the words. And passages touched with those qualities are frequent enough in his work. Pity he could command; but the other passions he could not touch. His style is generally very level; he rarely either rises or sinks. He never reaches, nor tries to reach, the grand manner: that was not at all his way: but he never, or hardly ever, falls into mere baldness or verbiage. And he sometimes has singular felicities both of thought and expression: as in this stanza from 'The Discoverer of the North Cape':—

"Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke."

And in this, from 'The Wind over the Chimney':—

"Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a schoolboy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday."

When this has been said, and the almost unvarying ease, fluidity, and

sweetness of his lines acknowledged—for there is never any sense of strain or effort in his verse; so far as it goes it may, indeed, be styled inevitable enough—when all this has been granted, it seems to us that the sum of Longfellow's poetic gifts has been told. His translations, indeed, will always count to his credit, for the dexterity and truth which all who know have allowed to them. And, of course, had it not been for his sense and faculty of poetry he could not have done what he did that way. But they cannot be justly brought into the balance with his creative work.

After all, his real title to fame as an American poet rests on 'Hiawatha.' It is a national poem, just as Cooper's Indian novels, 'The Last of the Mohicans' and the rest of that series, are national novels. 'Evangeline' and 'Miles Standish' have both something of the same merit; but in spite of the national setting and colour the sentiment of both poems is really, as one may say, universal. The lovers might have been parted, to be "joined at evening of their days again"; John Alden might have played his friend unwittingly false, in any country in the world. And then the slovenliness of so much of the verse, and a certain flatness and triviality of execution make 'Evangeline,' at any rate, sometimes very hard to read, for all the charm and pity of its design. But in 'Hiawatha' Longfellow has really broken new ground; and he moves along it with the bold firm step of a master of the soil. It is a real epic, the Indian Edda, as Emerson called it, adding that it was "sweet and wholesome as maize." It is that, and more than that; it has a strength, a movement and vitality, a breath of open air and broad sunlight about it, which are not general elements of Longfellow's writings. And it has his own charm too, the charm of simplicity, grace, tenderness. He has so admirably described its characteristics in the pre-

lude that we may, perhaps, be pardoned for a rather long quotation:—

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
"Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone-walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!"

Though we think the plan of Mr. Longfellow's book a mistaken one, yet we may own to have read it with great interest and pleasure. It has been inexpressibly refreshing in these bustling, angry, many-sided times to read the story of this simple tranquil life, devoted to one aim, one business, one desire; of this good, sincere, gentle soul, who, as he was unstirred by any high imaginings, so was unvexed by

any dark distractions, doubts, or fears. And as we have compared him for his personal popularity to Sir Walter Scott, so in another way did he resemble him: he resembled him in his utter freedom from all the little jealousies and meannesses, the ignoble cares and humours which are so sadly apt to taint and hinder the literary life. He envied no man; he disparaged no man; if others spoke ill of him he never answered them. If he was destined to no great mastery in his art, at least none who ever practised it loved it with a more sincere, simple, disinterested love. Once more we may go back to his own verse to find a fit tribute to this fine side of his character. We may go back, as we have gone before, to his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' where the Poet is thus praised:—

"A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighbouring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honour and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch the crown!"

If all the gifts of song this Poet owned were not Longfellow's, the moral gifts were pre-eminently his among all Poets. And as they brought him honour and blessings while he lived, so shall they bring him good report now that he is dead.

A FIRE AT SEA.¹

IN the month of May of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight I happened to be crossing from St. Petersburg to Lubeck on the steamship 'Nicholas the First.' As at that time there was very little railway communication, every tourist took the sea-route, and for the same reason many people brought their travelling carriages with them, so as to be able to continue their tour through Germany, France, and other countries. We had with us, I remember, twenty-eight private conveyances, and were in all two hundred and eighty passengers, including twenty children. I was very young at the time, and as I did not suffer at all from seasickness I enjoyed my new experiences immensely. Some of the ladies on board were extremely pretty, and a few quite beautiful; most of them, alas! are long since dead.

It was the first time that my mother had ever allowed me to go away by myself, and before I left she made me promise to be on my best behaviour, and, above all things, never to touch a card. As it happened, it was this last promise that was the first to be broken.

One particular evening there was a great gathering of the passengers in the saloon, where some well-known Russian bankers were gambling. They used to play a kind of lansquenet, and the jingle of the gold pieces, which were much more common then than they are now, was quite deafening. Suddenly one of the players, seeing that I did not join in, and not understanding why, asked me to

take a hand, and when in my boyish simplicity I told him my reason, he went into a fit of laughter, and called out to his friends that he had made a real find, a young man who had never played cards in his life, and who consequently was quite certain to have the most extraordinary luck, fool's luck in fact! . . . I don't know how it came about, but ten minutes later I was sitting at the gambling-table with a lot of cards in my hand, as bold as brass, and playing, playing like a madman!

I must acknowledge that in my case the old proverb turned out true; money kept coming to me in waves; and beneath my trembling perspiring hands the gold piled itself up in heaps. The banker who had induced me to play never stopped for a moment urging me on, and exciting me to bet. I actually thought I had made my fortune! Suddenly the saloon door is flung wide open, a lady rushes in, cries out in a faint agonised voice, "The ship is on fire!" and falls on a sofa in a dead faint. The effect was like that of an earthquake. Everybody started from his seat; the gold and the silver and the banknotes were strewn all over the cabin, and we rushed out. I cannot understand how it was that we had not noticed the smoke before. It had already reached us. In fact the staircase was full of it, and the whole place was lit with a dull red glare, the glare of burning coal. In the twinkling of an eye every one was on deck. Two huge pillars of smoke were slowly rising up on each side of the funnel, and sweeping along the masts, and the uproar and tumult which began at that moment never ceased. The scene of disorder was indescribable. I felt that all the human beings on board were sud-

¹ In a posthumous volume, ('*Euvres Dernières de I. Tourgueneff*, Hetzel et Cie, Paris) this is said to have been a real incident in the novelist's life, dictated by him in French three months before he died.

denly seized with a frantic desire for self-preservation, I myself most of all. I remember catching hold of a sailor by the arm and pledging him my word that my mother would give him ten thousand roubles if he saved my life. The sailor naturally looked on my offer as a joke, and shook me off, and I did not suggest it again. I felt that what I had been saying to him was perfect nonsense. However I must add that everything I saw around me was quite as nonsensical. How true it is that nothing comes up to the tragic side of a shipwreck but its comic side! A rich landed proprietor, for instance, was seized with a fit of terror, and flinging himself down on his face began frantically kissing the deck! After he had been doing this some time it so happened that the fury of the flames abated for a moment, in consequence of the great masses of water which were being pumped into the coal-bunks. He leapt to his feet at once, drew himself to his full height, and cried out in a stentorian voice, "O ye of little faith, think ye that our God, the God of the Russian people, will suffer us to perish?" Just then, however, the flames broke out worse than before, and the poor man, with all his faith in the God of the Russian people, flung himself down again on his hands and knees and returned to his deck-kissing. A gaunt-looking general kept bawling out, "A special messenger must be despatched immediately to the Emperor. We despatched a special messenger to him when the military colonies revolted, and the lives of several important people were saved in consequence. I myself was there in person!" A gentleman with an umbrella in his hand suddenly, in a mad fit of passion, rushed at a very ugly little oil-painting that happened to be among the luggage, fastened to an easel, and began to stave it in. It was a portrait; and with the ferule of his umbrella he made five holes in it, where the eyes, the nose, the mouth, and the ears were, exclaiming from time to time, as

he accomplished this act of vandalism, "What is the use of this picture now?" The picture did not belong to him at all! A huge fat man, looking like a German brewer, wept floods of tears, and kept calling out "Captain! Captain! Captain!" in most heart-rending accents. Finally the captain, losing all patience, caught him by the collar of his coat, and shouted at him, "Well! I'm the captain. What do you want with me?" The fat brewer gazed at him blankly, and with increased pathos in his voice recommenced his piteous cry of "Captain! Captain!"

However, it was the captain who really saved our lives. First, by altering our course, which he succeeded in doing while it was still possible to enter the engine-room; for if the steamer had kept on straight for Lubeck, instead of making at once for land, it would undoubtedly have been burned to the water's edge before reaching port. Secondly, by ordering the sailors to draw their cutlasses, and to have no hesitation in cutting down any one who tried to seize either of the life-boats. I should mention that we had only two life-boats left, the others having been capsized through the carelessness of some of the passengers who had stupidly tried to launch them without knowing how. It was curious to notice the involuntary feeling of respect inspired by these stern, impassive sailors, Danes, by the way, most of them, as they stood there with their drawn swords, which in the red glare of the flames seemed bloodstained already.

It was now blowing a pretty strong gale, and the violence of the wind was a good deal intensified by the fire which by this time was raging and roaring over more than a third of the vessel. At the risk of wounding the vanity of my own sex I feel bound to acknowledge that during this crisis the women showed more presence of mind than most of the men did. With their pale faces and the white drapery

of the bed-clothes which they had hurriedly caught up when summoned from their berths, they seemed to me, sceptic though I was even at that early age, like angels come down from heaven to shame us and to give us courage.

However, there were a few men who showed some pluck. I remember one particularly, M. D . . . ff, our ex-ambassador at Copenhagen. He had taken off his shoes and necktie, tied his coat round him with the sleeves across his chest, and was seated on a thick taut rope with his feet dangling in the air, quietly smoking a cigar and examining us all with a look of amused pity. As for myself, I had taken refuge on the lower rungs of one of the futtock shrouds, and sat there watching with a sort of dull wonder the red foam as it boiled and churned beneath me, wetting my face now and then with a flying flake of froth; and, as I looked down into it, I kept saying to myself, "So there is where I must die, at eighteen years of age!" for I had quite made up my mind that it was better to be drowned than to be roasted. The flames were now shooting over my head in a great arch, and I could clearly distinguish the roar of the fire from the roar of the waves.

Not far from me was sitting a little old woman, a cook, I should think, belonging to one of the families which were on their way to Europe. Her head was buried in her hands, and she seemed to be murmuring a prayer. Suddenly she looked up at me, and whether or not she thought she could see in my face the expression of some sinister resolve I cannot say, but, whatever her reason was, she clutched me by the arm, and in a voice in which entreaty and sternness were strangely blended, said to me, "No, sir, no one has absolute right over his own life, you no more than any one else. Whatever form of death God sends to you, you must submit to it. It is your duty. Else you will be committing suicide, and will be punished for it in the next world."

I had really no desire at all to commit suicide; but from a sort of spirit of bravado, for which, considering the awful position I was in, I cannot at all account, I made two or three feigned attempts to carry out the purpose with which she credited me; and every time that I did so the poor old creature rushed at me to try and prevent my accomplishing, as she thought, a great crime. At last I felt ashamed, and stopped. And indeed with death before me, imminent and inevitable—why act? Why spend my last moments playing a comedy? However I had no time either to analyse my own fantastic feelings, or to admire the poor old woman's want of egotism (her altruism, as we should say nowadays) for the roar of the flames over our heads became suddenly more terrible, and simultaneously there rang out a voice like a trumpet, the voice of our guardian angel, "You fool, what are you doing there? You will be killed, follow me!"

Immediately, though we did not know who was calling to us or where we had to go, up jumped this dear old woman and myself, as if we had been shot from a gun, and off we rushed through the smoke after a sailor in a blue jersey, whom we saw climbing a rope-ladder in front of us. Without in the slightest degree understanding why, I climbed up the ladder after him, and I verily believe that at that moment if he had thrown himself into the water or done anything extraordinary, no matter what, I should have blindly followed his example. After he had clambered up two or three rounds of the ladder, the sailor jumped heavily on to the top of a travelling carriage, whose wheels, by the way, were already on fire; I jumped after him; I heard the old woman jump after me; then from the top of the first carriage the sailor jumped on to the top of a second, then on to the top of a third, I keeping always behind him—and finally in this way we reached the bow of the ship. Nearly all the passengers were assem-

bled there. The sailors, under the directions of the captain, were launching one of the life-boats, fortunately the largest we had. Across the other side of the vessel I could see the long line of the Lubeck cliffs lit up by the glare of our fire. They were a good deal more than a mile off. I did not know how to swim, and though it was probably not very deep where we had gone aground (for we had struck without any of us noticing it) still the waves were terribly high. However, the moment I caught sight of dry land I felt quite sure I was safe, and to the amazement of every one who was standing near me I began to dance and to cry "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" I did not care to join the crowd which was hustling around the steps that led up to the big life-boat; there were too many women, old men, and children in it. Besides ever since I had caught sight of land, I did not care to hurry myself, I felt so certain I was saved. I remember noticing with surprise that very few of the children showed any signs of terror, and that many of them were actually asleep in their mother's arms. None of them were lost.

I remarked in the middle of the crowd of passengers a tall military looking man leaning against a bench, which he had just wrenched out of the deck and set athwart ships. He stood there quite motionless, his clothes all dripping with sea-water. I was told that in an involuntary fit of terror he had brutally elbowed out of his way a woman who had tried to get in front of him, so as to jump into one of the first life-boats that had foundered; and that, on being collared by one of the stewards and thrown roughly down upon the deck, the old soldier, who, by the way, was a general, had felt so ashamed of his momentary act of cowardice that he had sworn an oath that he would not leave the steamer till after every one else, including the captain. He was a magnificently built man, with a curiously pale face. His forehead was still bleeding from the blow he had

received; and as he stood there he looked about him with an air of deep humility, as if he were asking people to forgive him.

In the meanwhile I had made my way over to the larboard side, where I saw the smaller of our two life-boats pirouetting on the waves like a toy-boat. There were two sailors in it who were making signs to the passengers to try and jump. This, however, was not such an easy thing to do, as the 'Nicholas the First' stood very high out of the water, and it required a good deal of skill to jump into the boat without sinking it. At last, however, I made up my mind to have a try, and began by standing on one of the anchor-chains which were hung over the ship's side. But just as I was about letting myself go, something very heavy and very soft fell on top of me. It was a woman, who had thrown her arms round my neck, and hung there like a log. I must acknowledge that my first impulse was to catch her by her two hands and to throw her right over my head; but fortunately I resisted the temptation. The shock, however, very nearly sent us both into the sea; and in we must assuredly have gone, if by a piece of extraordinary good luck there had not been dangling right in front of my nose a rope belonging to some part of the rigging. I made a frantic clutch at this with one hand, and with this heavy lady still clinging to me, hung there for a moment, cutting my fingers to the bone. . . . I then looked down and saw that the life-boat was right under us, and putting my trust in Providence let myself go. . . . Every timber in the life-boat creaked. . . . "Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

I left my companion in a dead faint at the bottom of the boat, and turned round to look at the steamer. A great mass of faces, women's faces chiefly, were anxiously peering at us over the side. "Jump!" I cried, holding out my arms, "Jump!" At this particular moment the splendid success of my

daring leap and the consciousness that I was well out of reach of the fire gave me the most extraordinary physical strength as well as pluck; the only three women who could make up their minds to jump, I caught as easily as one catches apples in an orchard. I should note that every one of these ladies gave a piercing shriek when she left the steamer, and fainted in mid-air. One of the hapless dames was very nearly killed through a gentleman throwing an enormously heavy trunk into our boat. I suppose he had gone out of his mind. The trunk, by the way, was broken in the fall, and seeing inside it an extremely handsome dressing-case, I at once solemnly presented it to the two sailors, without ever stopping to consider whether I had any claim to give away other people's belongings. The sailors with similar disregard for the rights of property, gratefully accepted my gift. We then started at once for shore, rowing as hard as we could, and followed by cries from the steamer of "Come back as soon as you can! Send us back the boat!" And indeed as soon as there were only two or three feet of water we felt it our duty to get out. A cold drizzling rain had been falling for about an hour, and though it had had no effect at all on the fire it had succeeded in wetting us to the skin.

At last we reached the shore, for which we had so longed, but it turned out to be little better than a swamp of wet sticky mud, and we sank in it up to our knees. Our boat went back at once, and in company with the larger life-boat, began to transport the passengers from the steamer to land. Very few people had been lost, eight I think in all. One had fallen into a coal-bunk, and another had been drowned in an attempt to carry all his money away with him. The latter, whose name I just knew, had spent most of the day playing chess with me, and had been so excited over our games that Prince W——, who was looking on, said to him finally, "You

play as if it were a matter of life or death!" As for the luggage, it was nearly all burned, and so were the travelling carriages.

Amongst the ladies who had escaped was a very pretty married woman, Madame T——; she was excessively charming, though her time was a good deal taken up with her four little daughters and their nurses. At the present moment she was sitting in the most desolate manner on the beach, without shoes or stockings, and with hardly anything over her shoulders. I felt it was my duty as a gentleman to offer her every assistance in my power, and as a result found myself without my coat, my boots, and my necktie. To make matters worse, a peasant, whom I had been to the top of the cliff to look for, and whom I had sent down to meet the shipwrecked travellers with a waggon and a pair of horses, did not think it worth his while to wait for me, but set off for Lubeck with all my ladies; so there was I left alone, half naked and wet to the marrow of my bones, to gaze at the sea where our ship had nearly succeeded in burning itself out. I use the word "succeeded" advisedly, as I never could have believed that such a huge affair as a big steamer could be so soon destroyed. By this time it was merely a vast blot of fire on the sea; a motionless mass of flame streaked with the black outlines of the chimneys and the masts. Round and round it wheeled the gulls with a sort of monotonous indifference in their flight. Then it ceased to be flame and became ashes; a great heap of ashes spangled with tiny bright sparks which were scattered over the waves in long curving lines. "Is this all?" I thought, "and life itself—what is it but a handful of ashes strewn on the wind?"

Fortunately, however, for the meditative philosopher whose teeth were now beginning to chatter, a second waggoner arrived to pick me up. The honest fellow extorted two ducats from me, but as a set-off lent me his

thick coat to wrap myself up in, and sang me two or three country songs, that I thought rather pretty. In this way I got to Lubeck by sunrise, and coming across my fellow sufferers left with them for Hamburg.

Here we found waiting for us twenty thousand roubles, which the Emperor Nicholas, who happened at the moment to be on his way to Berlin, had sent by one of his equerries. There was a meeting of the male passengers, at which it was decided that this money should be handed over to the women. Our generosity did not really put us to much inconvenience, as at that time every Russian who came to Germany was allowed unlimited

credit. Alas! those golden days are over!

The sailor, to whom I had promised the enormous sum of money in my mother's name if he saved my life, came and asked me to carry out my agreement. As I was not quite sure of his identity, and as in any case he had done nothing at all for me, I gave him one thaler. He took it, and thanked me warmly.

As for the poor old cook who had shown such an interest in the salvation of my soul, I never saw her again; but, whether she was burned or whether she was drowned, I am quite sure that she has a special place set apart for her in Paradise.

CRITICISM AS AN INDUCTIVE SCIENCE.¹

THE word "critic," in general parlance, may almost be called a term of reproach. It is seldom to be found in literature save in the wake of some contumelious epithet. "Carping," "envious," "malignant," "venomous," these are a few of the adjectives which seem to belong to criticism as naturally as "green" to grass or "gracious" to Royalty. Shakespeare speaks of "stubborn critics, apt for depravation," and it is the basest of all his characters who announces himself as "nothing if not critical." We are told, on the one hand, that critics are men who have failed in the arts upon which they vent their spleen; and on the other, that their utterances are inept because they have no practical experience of these very arts. We may try to console ourselves with the reflection that artists are not likely to sing the praises of critics, any more than schoolboys can be expected to glorify the rod, which, nevertheless, plays a salutary and not dishonourable part in their development. Yet we cannot banish from our heart of hearts an occasional tremor and faltering. We ask ourselves whether, after all, the best of criticism be not a futility or an impertinence. Great art it can make no greater; small art and mere bungling may safely be left to the tender mercies of time. Are we not merely adding to the "babblings and brabbings" of a world already full enough of empty noises? Are we not making ourselves a thorn in the flesh to many artists, a stimulus to none? Fine words butter no parsnips, and can vain

opinion bring sustenance or refreshment, or aught save unhealthy inflation, to any human soul? Should we not be better employed in hewing wood and drawing water, than in delivering æsthetic judgments which to-day inflict pain or nourish vanity, and are certain to be reversed with scorn to-morrow?

If such questionings as these have vexed the soul of any one who pursues the "dreadful trade" of criticism, let him turn to Mr. R. G. Moulton's book, 'Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist,' where he will find them answered, and that with an emphatic affirmative. But along with condemnation comes a way of escape. Against judicial criticism, as he calls it (the phrase is something of a tautology) Mr. Moulton brings a crushing indictment. It is partly a survival from the twilight times of the Renaissance; partly an evil outgrowth upon literature due to the baneful influence of journalism. But, if the critic will repent in time and conform to the laws of inductive science, there is hope for him yet. He is not a "judge" but an "investigator." He must come down from the bench and find his place in the laboratory. He is not to praise or dispraise, to accept or to reject; but to note, register, classify. He has nothing whatever to do with taste; when garbage comes under his notice, he must simply hold his nose and study it as an instance of the laws of putrescence. "Differences of degree" do not come within his ken, but solely "differences of kind." The judicial critic stands to the inductive scientist as the astrologer (do we not talk of "judicial astrology"?) to the astronomer. As yet, Mr. Moulton admits, critical science is in its infancy; but ere long, he predicts, the critic will give up his foolish

¹ 'Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist; a Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism,' by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge University. (Extension) Lecturer in Literature. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1885.

likes and dislikes, and devote himself with true scientific impartiality to his task of mere investigation. In his moments of relaxation the botanist may prefer the rose to the burdock; but the science of botany is concerned with no such trivial, nay invidious, distinctions.

It is not my intention to travesty, or in any way misrepresent Mr. Moulton's position. He is a writer who deserves respect. His studies of certain of Shakespeare's plays are full of subtlety and suggestion, and render his work a really valuable contribution to Shakespearean criticism, if not to inductive science. But these studies are sandwiched between an initial "plea for an inductive science of literary criticism," and a final "survey of dramatic criticism as an inductive science," which call for very serious investigation. His book has received the academic stamp which belongs, in the eyes of the public, to a work issued by the Clarendon Press. He avows that it is intended partly as an educational manual, and from his position as a University Extension Lecturer it seems likely to find its way, as a work of some authority, into the hands of young persons. Therefore, it seems to me, this process of investigation should be attempted without loss of time.

If Mr. Moulton's contention is false, it is fatally false. Professing to attack arbitrary dogmatism in literary judgments, he is fostering a dogmatism yet more destructive, because its first dogma asserts that it is *not* arbitrary. If this be so, there is danger that the studious youth of this realm may be misled into assuming a mistaken attitude towards literature in general and Shakespeare in particular. Mr. Moulton's principles of criticism, if they fall in fruitful ground, must produce either inductive scientists or intolerable prigs; and the chances, I think, tend in the latter direction.

What, in the first place, does Mr. Moulton understand by inductive criticism? We turn to the second

page of his book and find the following example:—

"Let the question be of Ben Jonson. Judicial criticism starts by holding Ben Jonson responsible for the decay of the English Drama. Inductive criticism takes objection to the word 'decay' as suggesting condemnation, but recognises Ben Jonson as the beginner of a new tendency in our dramatic history. But, judicial criticism insists, the object of the drama is to portray human nature, whereas Ben Jonson has painted not men but caricatures. Induction sees that this formula cannot be a sufficient definition of the drama, for the simple reason that it does not take in Ben Jonson; its own mode of putting the matter is that Ben Jonson has founded a school of treatment of which the law is caricature. But Ben Jonson's caricatures are palpably impossible. Induction soon satisfies itself that their point lies in their impossibility; they constitute a new mode of portraying qualities of character, not by resemblance, but by analysing and intensifying contrasts to make them clearer. Judicial criticism can see how the poet was led astray; the bent of his disposition induced him to sacrifice dramatic propriety to his satiric purpose. Induction has another way of putting the matter; that the poet has utilised dramatic form for satiric purpose; thus by the 'cross-fertilisation' of two existing literary species he has added to literature a third including features of both. At all events, judicial criticism will maintain, it must be admitted, that the Shakespearean mode of portraying is infinitely the higher; a sign-painter, as Macaulay points out, can imitate a deformity of feature, while it takes a great artist to bring out delicate shades of expression. Inductive treatment knows nothing about higher or lower, which lie outside the domain of science. Its point is that science is indebted to Ben Jonson for a new species; if the new species be an easier form of art it does not on that account lose its claim to be analysed."

Already we seem to be on the track of Mr. Moulton's fallacy. The opposition in the above extract is not between "judicial criticism" and "induction," but simply between aesthetic and historical, or analytic, criticism; in other words, between appraisement and classification. It is quite true that before we can profitably appraise a work we must classify it, and try to attain the proper historical point of view from which to regard it; but it is a most inconvenient laxity of language to apply the term "induction" to the process by which we arrive at

that point of view. Here is an example of the slough into which Mr. Moulton's principles, logically applied, tend to betray us:—

Let the question be the 'Post-Office Directory.' Judicial criticism starts by holding that it is not literature at all. Inductive criticism takes objection to any such limitation of "literature." It recognises in the 'Post-Office Directory' a phenomenon differing in kind (not in degree) from 'Hamlet,' from 'Sartor Resartus,' from 'Box and Cox,' and from 'Bradshaw's Railway Guide'; but sees no reason to exclude it from literature. But, judicial criticism insists, the object of literature is to be read, not to be turned-up; whereas no one ever read the 'Post-Office Directory.' Induction replies, that no one ever read a great many of the books which no gentleman's library should be without; and that if the 'Post-Office Directory' is not read, the 'Peerage,' which evidently belongs to the same class, is read with pleasure and profit by thousands. But, says judicial criticism, literature implies grammar. Induction sees that this assertion will not hold, for the simple reason that it would exclude the 'Post-Office Directory'; its own mode of putting the matter is that the Post-Office has founded a school of treatment of which the law is *facta non verba*, facts without verbs. Besides, the 'Post-Office Directory' is not ungrammatical; whereas Shakespeare often is. Judicial criticism complains that the 'Post-Office Directory' sets forth no logical sequence of events or train of thought. Induction soon satisfies itself that the point of the 'Post-Office Directory' lies in its illogicality; it establishes a new mode of "piercing through the body of the suburbs, city, court," not by description or analysis, but by streets and squares. At all events, judicial criticism will maintain, it must be admitted that the Shakespearean mode of portraying mankind is infinitely the higher. Inductive treatment knows nothing about higher

or lower, which lie outside the domain of science. Its point is, that science is indebted to the Post-Office for a new species. It may be remarked in passing that the late Postmaster-General has written poetry, whereas Shakespeare never wrote a 'Post-Office Directory'; whence it might be argued that a larger endowment goes to the production of the 'Directory' than to the composition of 'Hamlet.' But such an argument is not strictly scientific, and savours, in fact, of exploded judicialism.

But I would not have Mr. Moulton accuse me of treating with flippancy a theory of such grave import. I would rather attempt, in all seriousness, to show firstly, that criticism cannot be a science in any strict, or even convenient, sense of the word; secondly, that when Mr. Moulton thinks he is proceeding inductively he is in reality doing nothing of the sort.

Mr. Moulton goes to the whole circle of the sciences in his search for analogies—to astronomy, to zoology, to botany, to physiology. But is there the smallest actual analogy between literature, or rather between art in its widest sense which includes literature, and the subject-matter of any one of these sciences? The astronomer, the zoologist, and their fellows, deal with objective facts, or, if this seems to beg a metaphysical question, with phenomena which produce identical impressions on the senses of all normally constituted men. All science proceeds on the assumption of an agreement as to the facts which it classifies and interprets. A Fuegian savage, looking into Darwin's microscope, would see exactly the same objects as Darwin himself. He would notice them less and interpret them differently; but the picture on his retina would be precisely similar to that on Darwin's. Deny this, and you deny the possibility of science. If half mankind questioned the existence of the sun at midday—asserted, that is to say, that they could not

perceive any object in the heavens whose appearance was uniformly accompanied by certain sensations which disappeared on its disappearance—astronomy and physics would collapse like soap-bubbles. If any race, or nation, or sect, or party declared that apples, instead of dropping to the ground, appeared to them habitually to fly off into space, the theory of gravitation would be utterly upset. Science is science only in so far as it deals with phenomena beyond the reach of opinion. The inferences drawn from these phenomena may be far as the poles asunder, but the phenomena themselves must be beyond dispute. Carlyle considered the theory of evolution a culminating example of human folly, and if he had spent ten years in Professor Huxley's laboratory that opinion might have remained unchanged; yet as to the visible and tangible facts of each dissection and experiment, the scientist and the anti-scientist would have been absolutely at one. Even in a deductive science like geometry, whether we hold its axioms to be intuitive or empirical, it is certain that no man's senses ever contradicted the assertion that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Science, in short, bases itself on facts on which all mankind agrees, or, given proper means of observation, would certainly agree. It may not always distinguish between such facts and the inferences it draws from them, and may put forward these inferences as though they were the fundamental facts themselves. Nevertheless, a certain number of fundamental facts must exist, separable by a just analysis from all inferences and assumptions; otherwise we may have a body of doctrine, but no science.

What, now, is the subject-matter of criticism? Art, no doubt, in all its manifestations—statues, pictures, poems, plays, novels, songs, symphonies. But are these things its subjects in the same sense in which stars are the subjects of astronomy or animals

of zoology? Surely not. Statue, picture, and play have their whole existence, as works of art, in the perceptions of a certain number of men (relatively few) who agree to call themselves cultured. Apart from the cultured sense, they are so many portions of stone, canvas, or paper. Criticism deals with their relation to certain ideas in the percipient mind; a relation which millions are incapable of estimating at all (the ideas and the perceptive power being absent), and which no two people estimate alike. Even in the seemingly non-imitative arts we deal not with objects but with relations. In this respect, indeed, there is no distinction between imitative and non-imitative; a statue by Phidias, and a song by Schumann, alike appeal to us in virtue of their relation to one or both of two conceptions—our idea of truth, and our idea of beauty. How far these two ideas coincide, or ought to coincide, this is not the place to inquire; what we have here to note is simply that art has no existence save in the variously-perceived relations of certain phenomena to these variously-conceived ideas. "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," and what is true of humour is true of all other forms of artistic attraction. "Was there ever such stuff as Shakespeare?" asked George the Third; and most educated persons are agreed that his remark shows an undeveloped idea of truth, or beauty, or both. Yet we cannot say that he was wrong in the sense in which we should hold him to be wrong had he declared the earth to be flat. The rotundity of the earth can be demonstrated to any sane man; it is a fact quite independent of any one's conception of truth, beauty, or anything else. But the greatness of Shakespeare cannot possibly be demonstrated to any one. If all Englishmen had the royal frankness of George the Third, nine out of ten of them would be found to hold his opinion, and to be impervious to all argument to the

contrary. It is even possible that a time may come when the cultured few, who now sincerely and intelligently hold Shakespeare a demigod, may so far alter their ideas of truth and beauty as to come round to the "drunken savage" of Voltaire. Our great-grandfathers held some such estimate; and difficult as it is to conceive our great-grandsons reverting to it, the difficulty is not an impossibility like that which meets us when we try to conceive any sane man reverting to the theory that the earth is flat. We *know* the earth to be round—it is a matter of science; we *hold* Shakespeare to be great—it is a matter of opinion, or, to use the special term for opinion on questions of art, it is a matter of taste.

An objection may here occur to the reader; are not our ideas of truth and beauty in matters of art capable of scientific analysis? and in such an analysis have we not at least the foundation of a science of criticism? To the first question I answer "Perhaps"; to the second, "No." Even the idea of truth in art is anything but easy of analysis, since we have to deal not with actual, but with more or less conventional, correspondences, and every one forms a different idea of the nature and amount of admissible, or rather of desirable, convention. But when we come to beauty, and ultimately to truth-in-beauty, beauty-in-truth, we find analysis more difficult still. A certain amount of advance has indeed been made, and a much greater advance may confidently be expected, towards tracing the genesis of our idea of beauty, and analysing the associations, in our ancestors and ourselves, from which it has sprung. This is an interesting branch of psychological inquiry, but it can at best explain certain race-preferences for certain general types; whereas criticism is chiefly concerned with individual preferences for the minutest individual variations, whether in the things presented or in the methods and conventions of presentation. If

the idea of beauty were identical in all mankind, or even in all the individuals of any race or nation, to analyse and formulate it would doubtless be to lay the foundation of a science of criticism, either for mankind or for that particular race or nation; though even then differences of perception would leave all results contestable. As it is, the idea of beauty is different in each individual; the diversity being due to innumerable diversities of hereditary bias, of organism, of education, of chance association, so subtle as to defy any but the rudest analysis while our means of self-knowledge and self-communication remain anything like as imperfect as they are at present. Criticism, then, is and will continue to be, so long as human faculties remain as they are, the utterance of individual judgments resulting from the application of individual standards to works of art, the very perception of which is affected by a "personal equation" by no means to be eliminated. It is to be held good, bad, or indifferent according to the degree in which it commands the assent of men of culture and intelligence in the critic's own time and in subsequent generations. So far from having to do with induction, its methods are mainly deductive. Its very name implies the application of laws, canons, standards, and, as I have tried to show, it is only the vaguest and most general of these laws that can claim anything like scientific necessity. The great body of them are mere conventions, accepted to-day, rejected to-morrow; axioms to A, absurdities to B; rude generalisations, in short, of the individual preferences current in certain periods, or places, or castes, or coteries. The critic, like Portia in the Doge's Court, is advocate and judge in one. The cultured opinion of his day, watching the case like the Doge and his senators, may or may not accept and give effect to his judgment. There is always an appeal to the High Court of Time, but even it has an inconvenient way of reversing its own

deliverances. The only absolute and final award which it ever pronounces is the sentence of oblivion.

Far be it from me to deny the importance, nay, the supremacy, of the historic method in criticism. It is only in our own age that men have begun to see the past in something like its true perspective. To the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the bygone ages of the world were projected on a plane, like a willow-pattern landscape. The eighteenth century freed itself but imperfectly from this illusion. If it recognised intellectually a foreground, middle-distance, and horizon, it showed little alacrity in departing from its own fixed point of observation. The complete survey and mapping to scale of the past has been reserved for the workers of this age. We have learned to study things in their environment, to inquire into the conditions which gave them birth, the laws which regulated their growth, the purposes to which they were applied. We strive, however imperfectly, to put ourselves in the places of the men who produced them, and for whom they were produced. It is of course possible, and even allowable, to call such study "scientific"; but it is surely much more convenient to call it "historical" or "systematic." We may even, if we choose, describe as "inductive" the processes which it involves, though that is by no means a luminous term to apply to them. But, granting all this, two points remain to be observed. Firstly, this is not at all what Mr. Moulton understands by his "inductive science" of criticism; if it were, why should he announce the dominant method of the day as a new and unrecognised discovery? Secondly, even if we could identify Mr. Moulton's "inductive science" with the historic method, we should have to assert, what Mr. Moulton explicitly denies, that this and all other methods of study are merely preliminary to the æsthetic verdicts, deductive, personal, judicial, in which criticism, properly

so called, consists. To judge we must comprehend, to enjoy we must sympathise; therefore we make ourselves, so far as in us lies, Athenians, Romans, Florentines, Elizabethan Englishmen, and so multiply, subtilise, and intensify our capacities of enjoyment. But enjoyment,—selective, comparative, judicial enjoyment,—is our one rational aim.¹ Mr. Moulton (if he were consistent, which he fortunately is not) would have us omnivorously engulf all literature whatsoever, analysing, classifying, sub-classifying, and cross-classifying it in a thousand ways, oblivious only of such deductive and unscientific distinctions as merit and interest. We should study Seneca as carefully as Sophocles, Rowley as Shakespeare, *Pye* as *Pope*. "The treatment aimed at," says Mr. Moulton, in so many words, "is one independent of praise or blame, one that has nothing to do with merit, relative or absolute." As if there were anything worth a moment's consideration in literature as literature, except its relative or absolute merit!

Mr. Moulton, I have said, is not consistent; and this brings me to the second portion of my design, which was to show that his own criticism of Shakespeare is not a whit more inductive than that of any other commentator. It is interesting, thoughtful, original, valuable,—but it has nothing whatever to do with inductive science.

What is the actual matter of Mr. Moulton's inductive studies? The first is a paper entitled 'The Two Stories Shakespeare borrows for his "Merchant of Venice": a Study in the Raw Material of the Romantic Drama.' On the first page of this essay, we are informed that the very fact of the common use of ready-made stories as raw material "serves to illustrate the elevation of the Eliza-

¹ As critics or students of literature, that is to say. If our object be the study of political or social history for its own sake, the case is, of course, altered, and the worst writer may be as interesting to us as the best.

bethan drama in the scale of literary development: just as the weaver uses as his raw material that which is the finished product of the spinner, so Shakespeare and his contemporaries start in their art of dramatising from story which is already a form of art." What is this but a gratuitous assertion of "relative merit," founded not on an induction, but on a false analogy? By parity of reasoning, Mr. Wills' 'Olivia' should stand higher in "the scale of literary development" than 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare' should be to their originals as velvet to woven silk. The absurdity of the statement, however, does not here concern us; it is sufficient to note its absolutely non-scientific, non-inductive, and, in short, arbitrary and "judicial" nature.

In every second line there is a similar contravention of Mr. Moulton's own fundamental principles. When he assures us that "the story of the Jew exhibits dramatic capability," on what induction is his conception of "dramatic capability" founded? True, he might conceivably collect a number of stories, adduce evidence to show that they have been effective when treated theatrically, and then prove that the story of the Jew resembles them in certain essential particulars. He would thus arrive inductively at a presumption—no more—in favour of the "dramatic capability" of this particular story, but by what a roundabout and toilsome route! As a matter of fact, he takes the ordinary short cut, saying in effect: "This story seems to me capable of interesting and attractive theatrical treatment, and I have found my own feelings in such matters so generally shared by other intelligent men, that I feel justified in stating my opinion with the emphasis of certainty." Thus Mr. Moulton, in the last analysis, simply gives expression to his own taste, hoping either to command the immediate assent, or to conquer the ultimate adhesion, of those

whom he believes capable of forming a valid opinion on the matter in hand; and the most Rhadamanthine of "judicial" critics does neither more nor less. We may, if we please, describe as "induction" the experience which leads us to hope that our individual taste will immediately or finally impose itself on those whom we address; but even such pedantry as this will not make an inductive science of criticism.

Turning a single page, we come upon the statement that, "In the artist's armoury one of the most effective weapons is idealisation." What is this but a postulate as deductive as any of Spinoza's? If Mr. Moulton appeals to experience, under the name of "induction," I reply that this is merely an assertion of his own taste and that of a certain critical school, to which the taste of another large and steadily increasing school is diametrically opposed. If a critic were to begin an essay on Pope, with the axiom that, "Among all English measures the heroic couplet is the noblest," we might or might not agree with him, but we should certainly not greet him as an inductive scientist. Mr. Moulton's aphorism may command more general assent, but it is neither more nor less arbitrary.

The very title of Mr. Moulton's second essay is, 'How Shakespeare improves the Stories in the Telling.' In what sense are we to take the word I have italicised, if it does not imply a statement of "relative merit"? In the course of the study we are assured, without any attempt at proof, inductive or otherwise, that "an amount of poetic splendour is lavished upon" the casket scene, "which throws it up as a poetic centre" to the play; and again, that Portia's speech on mercy "is one of the noblest in literature, a gem of purest truth in a setting of richest music." Most readers will heartily concur in these judgments—mark the word—and for my part I do not in the least blame Mr. Moulton for not attempting a scientific demon-

stration of their truth. They are, in the nature of things, incapable of scientific demonstration. They are "judicial" utterances of the writer's individual taste, which happens to jump in this case with the taste of most educated men. Nay, more, what I would beg specially to impress upon Mr. Moulton is that they exemplify the essential and ultimate expression of criticism properly so called. All the processes which Mr. Moulton imagines to be "inductive," and all other processes of literary inquiry whatsoever, have no other use or purpose but to support or impugn, confirm or demolish, such "judicial" assertions as these. Criticism, in short, is not a science of demonstration, but an art of persuasion. All its labours of historical inquiry, æsthetic analysis, emendation, elucidation, classification, and the rest, simply subserve the one great end of enabling us to form such judgments for ourselves and to impress them upon our fellows. This is Mr. Moulton's object, just as it was Macaulay's, or Johnson's. He is not to be blamed for entering upon considerations of "absolute and relative merit," any more than he is to be blamed for breathing oxygen and preferring sunshine to fog. The remarkable point in his procedure is not that in climbing the mountain he should look at the view, but that he should start with the expressed intention of making the ascent blindfold in the interests of "science." Science is no loser by his slipping the bandage, for it is quite unconcerned in the matter; but æsthetic criticism—for Mr. Moulton's criticism, by the irony of fate, is not even historical, but purely æsthetic—æsthetic criticism, I repeat, is largely the gainer.

"Jessica and Lorenzo are *charmingly sketched*;" we find in the part of Lorenzo "some of the *noblest passages of Shakespeare*;" "the portrait of Richard *satisfies a first condition of ideality*;" "ideal villainy *must be ideal* also in its success;" the wooing scene in 'Richard the Third' contains "one

of the *greatest strokes in the play* . . . a burst of *startling eloquence*;" when ideal villainy meets with ideal Nemesis, "then *the full demands of art* will be satisfied;" "it is a *law of taste* that force may be dissipated by repetition;" 'Richard the Third' is "this *masterpiece of Shakespearean plot*," and illustrates the poet's "*grandeur of conception*;"—does not every one of these phrases contain either an arbitrary estimate of merit or a critical aphorism deductively applied? Mr. Moulton actually uses without a blush the very word "taste," which, in his introduction, he has expelled with scorn from the vocabulary of inductive criticism. How sad is the falling away when our inductive scientist sets to postulating "laws of taste" and "demands of art," just as if he cared as little for induction as Horace, or Boileau, or Addison, or Mr. Arnold!

"But," Mr. Moulton may say, "these laws of taste are known to me by induction."

This is partly true; and not otherwise have they been known (so far as they have been known at all) to every critic who ever used the words, good, bad, and indifferent.

The illusion—for such it is—by which Mr. Moulton has been led to hold his critical method inductive, might form the subject of an interesting psychological study. It is an outgrowth of acute Shakespeareolatry. Far from being inductive, Mr. Moulton's criticism is in reality a series of deductions from the pregnant axiom, "Shakespeare can do no wrong." "Judicial" criticism, even the most eulogistic, has seen in Shakespeare occasional flaws, oversights, inconsistencies, errors of taste, and crudities of workmanship. It has admitted, in its saner moments, that he was human after all, and consequently not always at his best. Such admissions are, in Mr. Moulton's eyes, examples of flippant irreverence, as though we should speak slightly of the Atlantic Ocean or any other natural phenomenon! "As whatever is (in

Shakespeare) is right," he says, "it follows that what some people profanely call aberrations are, in reality, evidence of the existence of subtle and hitherto unrecognised laws. Be mine the task of formulating these laws, classifying the effects intended (and, of course, produced), fitting every scene, character, and incident into its place in an elaborate pattern constructed expressly so that they may dovetail into it, and, in short, proving inductively that the world of Shakespeare's art is the best of all possible worlds"—the very proposition, I need scarcely say, from which he started on this circular tour. Mr. Moulton, in brief, takes to pieces five of Shakespeare's plays, counts the pieces and makes a learnedly-named pigeon-hole for each; and then, having popped them all safely away, turns in triumph to his fellow critics, saying, "If you can't make all Shakespeare fit in, it must clearly be the fault of your 'judicial' system; see how my inductive plan provides a place for everything and puts everything in its place!" In the course of this analysis and docketing, Mr. Moulton, who is both painstaking and ingenious, chances on many curious and valuable observations. Some of his pigeon-holes (he calls them "Topics in Dramatic Science") are handy and well-named, while others are cumbrously pedantic. His criticism may even be called scientific in the sense in which we apply the term to good boxing and good billiard-playing—that is to say, it is neat, workmanlike, and full of knowledge. But the fact remains that it works in a vicious circle, presupposing faultlessness in order to prove perfection.

Mr. Moulton is not the first commentator, nor the fiftieth, who has constructed an æsthetic theory specially to fit every detail of Shakespeare's practice, and then called upon the world to take note how scrupulously Shakespeare obeys its dictates. Had he applied it to Shakespeare alone, one would not wonder that the fallacy of

his method should have escaped his notice. But he must needs go further. In a luckless moment slighted Logic took its revenge (a Nemesis quite after Mr. Moulton's own heart) by suggesting to him the question, "Why should Shakespeare, any more than Brown, Jones, and Robinson, be a law unto himself?" The injustice of this distinction was obvious, and Mr. Moulton's way out of the difficulty was not to bring Shakespeare down to the level of mere fallible mortals, but to extend to all other writers his privilege of infallibility. It is astounding that a thinker so acute as Mr. Moulton should not have recognised his error as soon as he tried to imagine the application of his methods even to such a writer as Ben Jonson (the instance he himself chooses), not to mention the smaller fry of literature. In dealing with Shakespeare he was really on the heights. The very fact of supreme merit being presupposed lent some speciousness to the fiction that "merit, absolute and relative," was disregarded. Where all is, by hypothesis, perfect, praise is impertinent and blame impossible; as Mr. Moulton puts it, there can be no differences of degree, but solely differences of kind. If any writer, in short, can with a semblance of reason be made a law unto himself, that writer is Shakespeare. But what purpose is served by pretending that Ben Jonson is a self-luminous body, an autonomous state in the world of letters, one of those existences

"Qui out

Leur raison en eux-même, et sont parequ'ils sont!"

The pretence, as we have seen, broke down entirely even in the case of Shakespeare; in the case of Jonson it could not maintain itself for an instant. What may be temporarily obscured with reference to Shakespeare is glaringly obvious with reference to Jonson, namely, that no one is in the least degree concerned about anything but his merits and

faults, and that an æsthetic system built upon his writings alone, as though they were the whole literature of the universe, would be like the sunbeams drawn from cucumbers, impossible, and, if possible, futile. And if this is clear with regard to Jonson, how much more so with regard to Kyd, Cartwright, Davenant, Wycherley, Cibber, Colman, Moncrieff, Buckstone, and T. W. Robertson, all of whom (not to go beyond the playwrights) are in the eyes of Mr. Moulton's impartial science quite as worthy of "investigation" as Jon-

son or Shakespeare. Fancy an "inductive" study of the works of the late Mr. H. J. Byron! The very idea is a nightmare from which the imagination shrinks appalled. Yet, according to Mr. Moulton's doctrine, there is no reason why we should not—or, rather, there is every reason why we should—devote to 'Our Boys' the same patient exegesis, the same scrupulously uncritical criticism, which he himself tries to apply to 'Macbeth' and 'The Merchant of Venice.'

WILLIAM ARCHER

THE EXAMINER'S DREAM.

A RHAPSODY.

My day of rest had come at last. I had finished looking over my last paper; I had sent in my list of marks to the Head-Master; I had written my report to the Governing Body. I had, in deference to my homœopathic adviser, taken two globules of mercurius, for the sake of my liver which had suffered from the hard work. But it was not to be expected that the mental strain could be at once relaxed, or that the succeeding calm would lay to immediate rest the tossing undulations of the agitated brain. Fragments of wrecks of Grammar and Syntax, distorted Paradigms and dislocated Sequences, danced upon the ruffled surface. Homer and Sophocles, Thucydides and Virgil, Cicero and Herodotus, rose and sank and rose again, clamorously grappling with disagreeing commentators and rival emendations. All the anomalies of dialect, metre, and construction; all the crabbed and corrupt passages which I had severed from their context, and not without pride propounded as enigmas and laid as traps for my unwary and puzzled victims, were blended together in an inextricable maze of bewildering entanglement. All that had been distinct and definite, ranged and classified in orderly succession and compact groups, was now jumbled together in hideous confusion; articles, particles, tenses, moods, prepositions, quantities, accents; clauses, subordinate, relative, temporal, conditional, direct, indirect; genders, concords, Greek and Latin together; poetry and prose, orator, historian, dramatist; a chaos of philology, a literary Babel. And over all were scattered marks, averages, and percentages, a cloud of meaningless numbers and figures; while through the wreaths of smoke that curled upward from the bowl of my pipe, the faces of those whom I had tortured

in *vivâ voce*, some mutely appealing, others guessing defiantly—fat faces, thin faces, white faces, red faces, seemed to mock and scowl at me.

As soon as I could think, I began to wonder what was the good of it all. The memory of the days when I had myself been examined came back to me, and I began to look at myself from the point of view of the Examinee. Had I profited by being periodically uprooted to see how I was growing, and replanted to be fed with perhaps some different kind of dressing, or with larger doses of the same, that I might win some prize for my cultivator at the next Exhibition? I had hated it, resented it, then; and now here was I pulling up these poor plants from their forcing-bed and reporting upon their progress. Did the great cause of mental culture profit by all this? Was the true love of learning fostered, or any fresh impulse given thereby to disinterested literary study? What gratification was it to me as a scholar and a critic of scholarship to have depreciated the labour of the teacher by abusing the taught—to have stigmatised Smith's translation as "bald," to have lamented Thomson's want of style, to have damned Jones with faint praise, even to have detected great promise in Robinson *minor*?

And so I mused, not so well satisfied with myself as I had been in the first flush of victory, and not so sure that my occupation was so potent and indispensable an aid to education as I had thought. Meanwhile my mind was becoming calmer, and all my senses soothed under the influence of the subtle narcotic, whose fragrant exhalations rose and curled around, obscuring with friendly mist the too real images which haunted me; and I became more and more rapt into Cloudland; and fantastic shapes began

to come and go, which gradually assumed more definite forms, such as I could recognise, or seemed to recognise. It was not truly recognition, for these forms were not of earth. Nay, the very clouds which I thought just now were issuing from my lips and from the bowl with which they were connected, issued from no orifice of terrestrial clay. They had been gathered by the great Cloud-Gatherer, the Father of Gods and men, the wielder of the Thunderbolt, at whose nod Olympus trembles; and as they rolled asunder, I saw the enthroned majesty of Zeus. The clouds lifted and parted yet more, and I knew that I was in the presence of the whole Olympian assembly of Gods congregated evidently in solemn council. I trembled to think what my fate might be if I were discovered; I, a wretched mortal whose trade was examination,—if it were supposed that I had come to report upon the unexaminable denizens of Olympus. But they regarded me not; and listening in awe-struck silence I was able to test the accuracy of Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Mythology.

They were all there. There sat Here with her large clear eyes, gazing majestically and unconcernedly upon the scene; there stood the grey-eyed Athene, looking sterner than I had ever pictured her or seen her pictured; there stood the laughter-loving Aphrodite, coquetting still with Ares, in spite of the glowering looks of the swarthy Hephestus; there was Apollo, eagerly conversing with the Muses, who looked decidedly sad and out of spirits in spite of his consolation; there was Poseidon too, looking rather out of his element; and somewhat in the background Heracles and Hebe and Bacchus, all rubicund and robust; while the rosy-fingered Aurora bent tenderly over the bath-chair of Tithonus. Besides these, a host of lesser Deities, whom it would be tedious to specify, were grouped around. And as I wondered why this conclave was thus assembled, as it were for my inspection, and began

to think of making notes for some subsequent examination, I saw Athene come forward, and in prostrate attitude embrace the knees of Zeus.

"Oh great and honoured father of Gods and men" (thus she prayed, and at her voice all the Immortals were hushed in silence to hear what the Goddess of Wisdom would say), "grant thy daughter this boon. Surely thou dost not forget the day when thou grantedst to mortals the gift of Wisdom, and sentest me forth from thine own august head ready equipped in full panoply to conquer the ignorance of the human race. Gladly did they receive and welcome me, and built temples in mine honour, and worshipped me with many sacrifices, freely and not compelled by fear or desire of gain, but acknowledging my beauty and supremacy. And I led among them in my train and made known to them the daughters of Memory, my handmaidens, who inspired them with love for divine learning and raised many above their fellows; so that men first wrote in the harmonies of immortal verse, and praised Gods and heroes, ay and glorified the deeds of men in history. And in succeeding generations others have spent their lives in studying the words of those pioneers of Wisdom, and midnight lamps have burned in mine honour; till the light of Knowledge kindled the dull hearts of mortals in which the Promethean fire slumbered, and shone throughout the world. And I and my handmaidens rejoiced as the numbers of our worshippers increased, though some went down to Hades before their time, worn out by their labours, but handing on their unextinguished lamps to others, and leaving behind them treasures which all the world might inherit. But now, oh father Zeus, some envious power has usurped our rights, despising thee and the offspring of thy teeming brain; and, lo! a race of men has sprung up who deride our worship and mock at our holy rites, while they themselves do homage only to Heracles and Hebe, whom thou hast allowed to be united in disastrous wed-

lock; who are mighty indeed in form and bodily strength and ruddiness of complexion, but deficient in ethereal essence and æsthetic beauty, resembling more the infatuated Titans who dared once to wage war against thy Sovereignty. But they suffered the just reward of their arrogance; not so these newly-enrolled Gods, who are no Gods but overgrown men and women; in whose veins flows not the true *ichor* of the Gods purified by the crystal nectar of the Castalian spring or the effervescing vigour of the Apollinarian well, but common purple blood, fattened and engrossed by the too abundant gifts of Dionysus their boon companion, or the fermented produce of Demeter, not for such a purpose given to laborious mortals. Nay, even their offspring, Might and Violence, are held in unseemly honour by youths, who leap and run and contend in athletic sports, not such as of old enlivened the plain of Alpheus, but contending for silver goblets and the favour of idle maidens, whom the shameless Aphrodite urges to be present and gaze smiling upon the giddy throng. But do thou, oh King of Gods and men, seek out and punish as is fitting this envious Spirit, and restore the true and genuine love of knowledge which exalts the youth, and crowns the aged with undying fame."

She ceased, and ere Heracles could take his lips from the bowl which Hebe held to them, the aged Tithonus, in quavering and shrill utterance like the chirping of the cicada in the dry summer heat, thus querulously began:—"Truly hast thou spoken, oh Goddess of Goddesses! Surely in former generations the votaries of Wisdom willingly bore a great weight of learning, such as those who are now mortals could not stand beneath. Yet they esteemed such burdens light, and rejoiced to bear them and to make them heavier. Such was I once, when my dear knees were light, and this head was not yet bare and polished as an Argive shield. Often sat I then studying through the night, until the mist-born Day-Spring arose in the

East, and smiling in at my window laid her rosy fingers on my pale cheeks, making me blush at her appearing. Thus it was that we were first joined in love and wedlock, and I became immortal, alas! in vain."

Then suddenly with loud laughter, such as the wild horse utters careering over the plain of Argos, him interrupted the overweening might of Heracles:—"Oh foolish one, helpless, a second time a child, grand old man no longer, cease thy boasting! Who can tell what thy nights of toil were worth? Thou wast never examined! Behold, mortals nowadays have to render an account of their learning, and I do not wonder at all if they have no great care to practise the works of Athene and the Muses as of old. For they are like geese which are crammed with food for the feasts of men, only that trial may be made of their fatness and they may haply be plucked of their feathers. Small marvel is it to me if they prefer to worship the givers of muscle, and to practise the sports that harden the limbs and ward off disease from the liver." Thus spake the might of Heracles, and Ares and Aphrodite clapped their hands in loud approval; while Athene sternly bent her brows in anger.

But the Father of Gods and men thus addressed her, comforting her with kindly words:—"Rise, my daughter, and be not downcast in thy soul, nor heed the winged words that have leaped over the park-paling of his teeth. For in good sooth his overweening speech, though hostile to thee, has yet pointed out the cause of that which distresses thee, and the remedy for thy grief. Truly he spoke, saying that those who are examined have no longer a care to seek voluntarily the gifts of the Muses and the renown of heavenly Wisdom, as their forefathers did, who suffered not this plague and trouble. Often have I looked down upon the earth, and beheld the Demon of Examination wandering to and fro among the haunts of men, insatiable, irrepres-

sible. Ay, and now also his baneful influence has infected even the tender souls of maidens, whom he shuts up in dark prisons, and takes from them the joys of life and the desire for wedlock. So that wrinkled old age comes upon them unawares, and they know no discreet works of housewifery, while their speech savours not of sweetness and mirth, and the light of their sparkling eyes is dimmed, and the gay company of youths fear and shun their presence and conversation. But—I swear to thee by Styx, which is the strongest and greatest oath of the Blessed Ones—that he who has done the mischief shall himself insure the remedy. For I will send Hermes my messenger to seize him and force him by strong necessity to leave thy worshippers free, and enter into the assemblies of those whom Hebe and Heracles inspire with the love of bodily strength and matchless vigour; that they may be examined, and haply loathe their present pastimes. But thy temples shall be thronged with eager crowds, uncompelled, as it is fitting.” He ceased and gave the Homeric nod, which was followed by the already frequently described phenomena; and even I was shaken in my shoes. So much so that my senses left me for an interval, the length whereof I was unable to determine.

* * * * *

From this swoon I was roused by a tap on the shoulder, and looking up saw standing over me an elegant figure, balanced upon one leg, having both his feet shod with sandals to which something like wings were attached, a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and in his hand a staff adorned at the top with snake-like appendages. Bewildered at first, I fancied for a moment I must be at a *Pantomime*; but almost immediately recognised that I was in the presence of *Hermes the Constable of the Gods*, who runs in the souls of mortals to their appointed prison-house. And I trembled anew as he spake, methought in somewhat stern accents;—“Come mortal, arise! this won’t do: you

must move on with me. I am bidden to take you down with me to the lower world. Don’t be alarmed, I don’t mean *Hades* yet. And to facilitate your descent (as you are no longer, I perceive, in your first youth, but somewhat unwieldy and corpulent from much sedentary occupation) I have engaged the assistance of *Iris*, whose bow is there, you see, at our service, affording us a rapid but easy and safe pathway to earth. Follow me and do as I do, and don’t be alarmed. Though I spoke just now in the language of a constable, and am about to show my familiarity with *Bow Street*, I shall not harm you, so long as you forget your trade and ask me no questions.” I was obliged to laugh at what I suppose he meant for a joke, for he poked me in the ribs with his wand to emphasise it; but I did not much relish being launched off into space in the company of such a wag, who might be contemplating some practical as well as verbal joke. However, there was no help for it; for now we were standing on the summit of the arch of a magnificent rainbow, and nothing more solid than floating clouds could be seen all round us; while far below were spread out the wide plains of *Mother Earth*. *Hermes* planted himself astride of the narrow arch and bade me sit in a similar posture close behind him, and lay my hands on his shoulders. This was not altogether strange to me, for I had been in a similar position when visiting one of the *Austrian salt mines*; but only for a very short descent. He then caught hold of one of my ankles in either hand; I shut my eyes in despair, and away we went! My breath all fled from my body with the rapidity of the motion, and I was momentarily expecting a stunning if not fatal shock when we should light upon the earth; but somehow the downward rush seemed to slacken, and then ceased altogether; when (oh, wonder of wonders!) on opening my eyes I found myself seated in my own armchair, while *Hermes* stood before me, on one leg as before.

His face wore, methought, rather a mischievous expression, so that I almost unconsciously felt in my pockets to ascertain if anything were missing, remembering the character given by some classical authors to that Deity. He observed the suspicious movement, but was evidently not offended, for he only laughed and said—"Oh, you'll find everything right there; don't be thinking of your Horace now. But I have relieved you of something; and not only you, but all your countrymen, thanks to the protestations of Athene, and the far-seeing wisdom of counselor Zeus. You and your fellows are now rid of the unwelcome task of destroying all natural healthy appetite for knowledge. And all your countrymen are rid of the bondage of the Demon of Examination, who, if not restrained, would have set no bounds to his tyranny until he had enacted that none should be married, or die, or even be born without previously satisfying his demands. But know that while you lay in a swoon up yonder, I have altered all this, and diverted the energies of this Spirit into another channel; and if you have, as is not unlikely, still a mind to serve him, lo! thus I change you as I have changed others!" And then, without allowing me a moment for reflection or reply, he slapped me Harlequin-wise with his wand, and after mysteriously waving it around and over all the papers on my table, he backed into the corner of the room, and gradually diminishing and becoming less definite in form as he approached it, finally resolved himself into an impalpable vapour and absorbed himself into the cistern of my Standard Barometer which hung there.

The illusion, if illusion it was, was so unaccountable, and my mind so clear and unbiassed (for I am not a member of the Psychical Society), that I thought I would at once make some notes of the circumstances, and send them as a puzzle to that eminent body. On my writing-table lay a number of

the 'Oxford University Gazette,' and as I was removing it, these words caught my eye:—"The Cricket University Scholarship has been adjudged to Mr. Stumps of Balliol: the Examiners are of opinion that the excellent form shown by Mr. Padds, of Wadham, in keeping wicket deserves special commendation." Turning over a leaf, I read:—"Lectures will be given during the ensuing term on the Science of Drop-kicking, by Professor Toeit; and on Sliding Seats by the Provost of Oriel." In amazement I turned to the 'Cambridge University Reporter,' and there I read:—"The annual examination of Freshmen for admission into the U.B.C. will be held early next month, consisting of two parts, Theoretical and Practical. Candidates will be expected to have an accurate knowledge of the mechanical principles of various styles of rowing, of the proper proportions of the different parts of the oar, of the topography of the usual course for the Eight-Oarraces, as well as of the history and records of the University races." Here also, as in the 'Gazette' of the Sister University, were announcements of Scholarships and Exhibitions gained by proficient in Rackets, Football, Hurdle-racing, and the like; of forthcoming examinations in bowling, running, and other tests of athletic skill and vigour; and in the speech of the retiring Vice-Chancellor eloquent allusion was made to the great success which had during his year of office attended the important reformation by which students had been led to work eagerly and voluntarily at subjects in which they were no longer examined. Strange it seemed to me, not only that those pastimes so recently abused and despised by the cultured philosophers, among whom I was not the least, should now be in such high repute at the ancient seats of learning, but also that the Examiners' names should be the same as of old; the same with whom I had devised searching questions in philology and classical literature, or who had (with a pride with which I could not

sympathise) shown me the ingenious problems in mathematics with which they were about to rack the brains of would-be Wranglers, were now employed in estimating marks for muscle! I asked myself, what could they know about it? Was I myself to cease to be an Examiner, or to cast in my lot with these Philistines? I, who could scarcely jump over a Liddell-and-Scott set up on end; who would as soon face a cannon-ball as a cricket-ball; who had only so much knowledge of rowing as could be gathered from the article 'Trireme' in the 'Dictionary of Antiquities';—how could I set a paper on such subjects? I asked myself this, and a mocking voice from the barometer answered, "You will not have to do the papers yourself, any more than you used."

I could stand it no longer. I rushed out of the room and the house, to take counsel with an old friend, the Head-Master of a large Public School in the suburbs of the town where I was then living. I scarcely knew what time of day it was; but as I drew near to the school I heard the mid-day bell ring which proclaimed the end of morning lessons; and so I felt sure I should find my friend at liberty, for the boys would be all out at play. Yet, as I drew nearer still, none of the usual sounds of merry voices fell on my ear; and as I came within sight of the playground, lo! it was almost empty. Only here and there a few knots of boys were sitting silent on benches under the trees, or strolling along in earnest conversation; while in a remote corner some half-a-dozen or so, watched by a master, were moodily and mechanically kicking about a football. Soon I descried my friend at some distance, surrounded by a somewhat larger group, all with books in their hands. He observed my approach, and advanced to meet me. "Tell me," I breathlessly exclaimed, "tell me what all this means. What are you doing? Why are these boys not playing?"

"Playing, my good friend?" he

replied, seemingly astonished at my questions. "Why, they *are* playing. This is the hour of recreation, and what else could they be doing? All around you are groups of pupils who, after a surfeit of games and the theory of them during school-hours, are now enjoying a brief interval of relaxation in studying each the work of his favourite author, or his darling science. Upon yonder bench a group are eagerly discussing the Homeric question; at a little distance from them the Captain of the Mathematical Eleven is practising some of the twenty-two in simultaneous equations; and beneath the shade of yonder plane-tree a few happy loiterers (whose attention sadly wanders during lessons, and will never, I fear, get their certificate for Athletics) are reading a dialogue of Plato. As you came on to the ground, I was standing umpire to a Euclid match for the House Challenge Cup. Those whom you see listlessly employed at football are idlers who have deserved, and are now undergoing, punishment. They have to work thus for an hour under supervision, for being inattentive in School. Inside the buildings will be found those whose school-work, being of a practical nature, has been going on all the morning out here, and who are now refreshing themselves at their desks or in the Laboratory, rejoicing in their freedom and improving the shining hour with Greek and Latin composition, or in the odoriferous combinations of sundry and various mephitic atoms, to their hearts' content. Happy souls! they have been at work all the morning, some indoors at the theory, others out of doors at the practice, of football. They are taught all the different varieties of the game—the arts of Dropping, Dribbling, Running-in, Forward and Back play, Collaring, &c., and how to allow for the wind, and so on. They have to learn all about the construction of the foot-ball itself, the material of which it is made, the reason of its shape, the comparative merits of rival

shapes, the manner of its inflation; as well as the measures of the height and width of goals in the different games. And so with all their lessons. Our masters are well up in all the details and grammar of the various sports, which are treated historically, ethnologically, physiologically, and psychologically. In short, everything is done to fit them for their forthcoming examinations."

"These are strange revolutions indeed;" replied I, "but no doubt they will have at least this advantage, that boys will respect their masters more. For I remember that those teachers who were known to be athletic and well-versed in all manner of physical exercises, used to be the favourites with their class, and held them more in subjection than those whose intellectual superiority ought to have been more revered." "Nay, not so now," said my friend; "I see you are far from appreciating this great work. Now, the boys despise those masters who have played in College Elevens, or stroked College Eights; and only reverence those who can join with them best in the great relaxations of Literature and Science." Before I could recover from the shock of this further revelation, a number of boys crowded round me, and without any semblance of reserve, and apparently without any respect for the sacred person of an Examiner, seized my hands and shook them frantically, some even patting me on the back. I was at first in mortal terror, for once I had examined this school, and was sure, from the demeanour of the boys at *visâ voce*, and from the strange caricatures that I found on scraps of paper after they had left the Examination room, that I was not liked; and I had not given them a good report. But there was no mistake about this reception; it was a genuine outburst of affection. "Now that you are not going to examine us," said the chief speaker of the group, "we are so glad to have you here. We want to talk to you about so many

things. Why have you not brought your friend who examined us in Mathematics, and that dear old fussy Frenchman? What a good time we might have!"

And then they all began to ply me with questions and to propose subjects for discussion, and to tell me all they had been reading, and so on; till I began to feel that after all there must be something in this new state of things that the protest of the great Goddess of Wisdom had brought to pass. Here was a glimpse of the Golden Age, when the unploughed land cultivated itself and bore fruit, and the plants required no stimulating process of uprooting to see how they grew. Then one of these enthusiasts pulled out of his pocket a crumpled piece of paper, and said, "Wouldn't you like to see one of our last Examination Papers, which was set for the Certificate?" I took it, and read it: it contained the following questions:—

1. Give the dates of the following events, mentioning any circumstances of special interest connected with them:—The first University Boat Race; the introduction of sliding seats; the first cricket-match where round-hand bowling was employed; the first occasion when the Gentlemen beat the Players; the foundation of the Marylebone Club.

2. Write a short biography of W. G. Grace, the Hon. Robert Grimston, Justice Chitty, the Bishop of Southwell.

3. Draw a map of the Henley Regatta Course, marking the line to be taken by the coxswain of a boat who has drawn the Oxfordshire station.

4. Sketch the position of the field as placed for a slow bowler bowling to a left-handed batsman.

5. Explain in what circumstances an umpire is justified in giving a man out leg-before-wicket.

6. What are the present "records," and by whom held, of the Quarter mile flat race, the Ten-mile walking race, the High Jump, the Quarter-mile hurdle-race, Throwing the hammer?

7. Supposing you have won the toss, on a morning when the weather has just cleared and the sun is shining after heavy rain, with a fast bowler against you, would you go to the wicket or send in your adversaries? Give reasons for your answer.

8. Name the Bishops, Deans, and Judges who have been in their University Eight or Eleven.

9. Explain the following terms:—"popping-crease," "catching a crab," "fair heel and toe," "bump-ball," "catch the beginning," "in touch," "a Barter," "scratch," "in calx," "a daisy-cutter," "off-side," "a yorker," "a pair of spectacles."

And then, as I was reading, the dinner-bell rang, and by degrees the playground cleared, and I was left alone in silent meditation over all the wonders that I had seen. As I turned to go away, lo! there stood before me, on one leg as usual, the now familiar figure of Hermes. "Come, old gentleman," said he, "compose yourself. You have had no leisure, I dare say, to-day, to meditate calmly on what you have seen; let me just suggest to you something for serious consideration. You have been for several years complaining that the present generation have no love of learning for its own sake; that the beauty of wisdom and the fair harvest of intellectual culture have no attraction for them; and all that sort of thing; and you have joined the outcry that games are ruining the youth of England, and Heracles has usurped the throne of Athene. What has been your remedy? To offer rewards greater and greater, and to hamper those who sought them for lucre's sake with examinations harder and harder; and now you have learned the error of your ways by seeing the result of applying your remedy as a repulsive instead of as an attractive agent. Now don't interrupt me: I know what you are

going to say about examinations being a test of knowledge and not an enticement to learning: but you did not see that a race had sprung up which had never known what it is to work for love of wisdom, and never conceived the possibility of such a thing, seeing nothing but marks and exhibitions and examinations. You now realise what the transference of this influence to the rival object has effected. Could you live on through a cycle of generations, you would probably find all once more altered; for the excessive development of the mental faculties would in time cause an outcry to be raised against them in turn, and the world would wonder why the athletic instincts of by-gone days had died out; until Zeus once more interfered and showed them that the process of examination had stilled it, and must again be employed on the other side as a deterrent and a disgustant. And now my task is over, as far as you are concerned; I am not going to argue with you, only to see you safe home. Fix your eyes steadily on me, and look at nothing else."

I meekly obeyed him; and as I looked, the figure of the God began to suffer diminution and change; his other leg was drawn up from the ground; his *caduceus* vanished; his arms were drawn into his body, which was contracted into the semblance of a narrow tube; his head assumed a rectangular shape, and the features were replaced by lines and figures. I saw nothing else. What was this object? It became more and more definite: it was—a Barometer: nay, it was *my* Barometer. I rubbed my eyes and looked round. I was once more (or rather still) in my own room; my pipe lying on the floor; my sheets of marks on the table. It had been all a dream; and I was still—an Examiner!

THE WOODLANDERS.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE rambler who, for old association or other reasons, should trace the forsaken coach-road running almost in a meridional line from Bristol to the south shore of England, would find himself during the latter half of his journey in the vicinity of some extensive woodlands, interspersed with apple-orchards. Here the trees, timber or fruit-bearing as the case may be, make the wayside hedges ragged by their drip and shade; stretching easily over the road, as if they found the insubstantial air an adequate support for their limbs. At one place, where a hill is crossed, the largest of the woods shows itself bisected by the highway, as a head of thick hair is bisected by the white line of its parting. The spot is lonely.

The physiognomy of a deserted highway expresses solitude to a degree that is not reached by mere dales or downs, and bespeaks a tomb-like stillness more emphatic than that of glades and pools. The contrast of what is with what might be, probably accounts for this. To step, for instance, at the place under notice, from the hedge of the plantation into the adjoining pale thoroughfare, and pause amid its emptiness for a moment, was to exchange by the act of a single stride the simple absence of human companionship for an incubus of the forlorn.

At this spot, on the lowering evening of a by-gone winter's day, there stood a man who had entered upon the scene much in the aforesaid manner. Alighting into the road from a stile hard by, he, though by no means a chosen vessel for impressions, was temporarily influenced by some vague

feeling of being suddenly more alone than before he had emerged upon the highway.

It could be seen by a glance at his rather finical style of dress that he did not belong to the country proper; and from his air, after a while, that though there might be a sombre beauty in the scenery, music in the breeze, and a wan procession of coaching ghosts in the sentiment of this old turnpike-road, he was mainly puzzled about the way. The dead men's work that had been expended in climbing that hill, the blistered soles that had trodden it, and the tears that had wetted it, were not his concern; for fate had given him no time for any but practical things.

He looked north and south, and mechanically prodded the ground with his walking-stick. A closer glance at his face corroborated the testimony of his clothes. It was self-complacent. Yet there was small apparent cause for such complacency. Nothing irradiated it; to the eye of the magician in character, if not to the ordinary observer, the expression enthroned there was absolute submission to and belief in a little assortment of forms and habitudes.

At first not a soul appeared who could enlighten him as he desired, or seemed likely to appear that night. But presently a slight noise of labouring wheels, and the steady dig of a horse's shoe-tips, became audible; and there loomed in the notch of the hill and plantation that the road formed here at the summit, a carrier's van drawn by a single horse. When it got nearer, he said with some relief to himself, "Tis Mrs. Dollery's—this will help me."

The vehicle was half full of passengers, mostly women. He held up his

stick at its approach, and the woman who was driving drew rein.

"I've been trying to find a short way to Little Hintock this last half-hour, Mrs. Dollery," he said. "But though I've been to Great Hintock and Hintock House half-a-dozen times, I am at fault about the small village. You can help me I dare say?"

She assured him that she could—that as she went to Great Hintock her van passed near it—that it was only up the lane that branched out of the road into which she was about to turn—just ahead. "Though," continued Mrs. Dollery, "'tis such a little small place that, as a town gentleman, you'd need have a candle and lantern to find it if ye don't know where 'tis. Bedad! I wouldn't live there if they'd pay me to. Now at Great Hintock you do see the world a bit."

He mounted and sat beside her, with his feet outwards, where they were ever and anon brushed over by the horse's tail.

This van, driven and owned by Mrs. Dollery, was rather a movable attachment of the roadway than an extraneous object, to those who knew it well. The old horse, whose hair was of the roughness and colour of heather, whose leg-joints, shoulders, and hoofs were distorted by harness and drudgery from colthood—though if all had their rights he ought, symmetrical in outline, to have been picking the herbage of some Eastern plain instead of tugging here—had trodden this road almost daily for twenty years. Even his subjection was not made congruous throughout, for, the harness being too short, his tail was not drawn through the crupper, so that the breeching slipped awkwardly to one side. He knew every subtle incline of the seven or eight miles of ground between Hintock and Sherton Abbas—the market-town to which he journeyed—as accurately as any surveyor could have learnt it by a Dumpy level.

The vehicle had a square black tilt which nodded with the motion of the wheels, and at a point in it over the

driver's head was a hook to which the reins were hitched at times, when they formed a catenary curve from the horse's shoulders. Somewhere about the axles was a loose chain, whose only known purpose was to clink as it went. Mrs. Dollery, having to hop up and down many times in the service of her passengers, wore, especially in windy weather, short leggings under her gown for modesty's sake; and instead of a bonnet a felt hat tied down with a handkerchief, to guard against an ear-ache to which she was frequently subject. In the rear of the van was a glass window, which she cleaned with her pocket-handkerchief every market-day before starting. Looking at the van from the back, the spectator could thus see, through its interior, a square piece of the same sky and landscape that he saw without, but intruded on by the profiles of the seated passengers, who, as they rumbled onward, their lips moving and heads nodding in animated private converse, remained in happy unconsciousness that their mannerisms and facial peculiarities were sharply defined to the public eye.

This hour of coming home from market was the happy one, if not the happiest, of the week for them. Snugly ensconced under the tilt they could forget the sorrows of the world without, and survey life and recapitulate the incidents of the day with placid smiles.

The passengers in the back part formed a group to themselves, and while the new-comer spoke to the proprietress, they indulged in a confidential chat about him as about other people, which the noise of the van rendered inaudible to himself and Mrs. Dollery sitting forward.

"'Tis a man who has more to do with indoors than the open air," said one. "A man used to town life, from his natty black coat, and cane, and light feet. Surely I've seen somebody like him in Abbey Street before now? What business can bring such a man out here at such a time?"

They listened to his conversation, but the stranger, though he had nodded and spoken genially, seemed indisposed to gratify the curiosity that he had aroused; and the unrestrained flow of ideas which had animated the inside of the van before his arrival was checked thenceforward.

Thus they rode on till they turned into a half-invisible little lane, whence, as it reached the verge of an eminence, could be discerned in the dusk, about half-a-mile to the right, gardens and orchards sunk in a concave, and, as it were, snipped out of the woodland. From this self-contained place rose in stealthy silence tall stems of smoke, which the eye of imagination could trace downward to their root on quiet hearthstones festooned overhead with hams and flitches. It was one of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more passivity than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, no less than in other places, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein.

This place was the Little Hintock of the town-dweller's search. The coming night gradually obscured the smoke of the chimneys, but the position of the wood-environed community could still be distinguished by a few faint lights, winking more or less ineffectually through the leafless boughs and the undiscernible songsters they bore, in the form of balls of feathers, at roost among them.

Out of the lane followed by the van branched a yet smaller lane, at the corner of which the stranger alighted, Mrs. Dollery's van going on to the larger village, whose superiority to the despised smaller one as an exemplar of the world's movements was not particularly apparent in its means of approach.

No. 319.—VOL. LIV.

"A very clever and learned young doctor, who, they say, is in league with the devil, lives in the place you be going to—not because there's anybody for'n to cure there, but because 'tis the middle of his district."

The observation was flung at the *bourgeois* gentleman by one of the women at parting, as a last attempt to get at his errand that way.

But he made no reply, and without further pause the pedestrian plunged towards the umbrageous nook, and paced cautiously over the dead leaves which nearly buried the road or street of the hamlet. As very few people except themselves passed this way after dark, a majority of the denizens of Little Hintock deemed window-curtains unnecessary; and on this account their visitor made it his business to stop opposite the casements of each cottage that he came to, with a demeanour which showed that he was endeavouring to conjecture, from the persons and things he observed within, the whereabouts of somebody or other who resided here.

Only the smaller dwellings interested him; one or two houses, whose size, antiquity, and rambling appurtenances signified that notwithstanding their remoteness they must formerly have been, if they were not still, inhabited by people of a certain social standing, being neglected by him entirely. Smells of pomace, and the hiss of fermenting cider, which reached him from the back quarters of other tenements, revealed the recent occupation of some of the inhabitants, and joined with the scent of decay from the perishing leaves under foot.

Half a dozen dwellings were passed without result. The next, which stood opposite a tall tree, was in an exceptional state of radiance, the flickering brightness from the inside shining up the chimney and making a luminous mist of the emerging smoke. The interior, as seen through the window, caused him to draw up with a terminative air and watch. The house was rather large for a cottage, and the

door, which opened immediately into the living-room, stood ajar, so that a riband of light fell through the opening into the dark atmosphere without. Every now and then a moth, decrepit from the late season, would flit for a moment across the outcoming rays and disappear again into the night.

CHAPTER II.

IN the room from which this cheerful blaze proceeded he beheld a girl seated on a willow chair, and busily occupied by the light of the fire, which was ample and of wood. With a bill-hook in one hand and a leather glove, much too large for her, on the other, she was making spars, such as are used by thatchers, with great rapidity. She wore a leather apron for this purpose, which was also much too large for her figure. On her left hand lay a bundle of the straight, smooth hazel rods called spar-gads—the raw material of her manufacture; on her right, a heap of chips and ends—the refuse—with which the fire was maintained; in front, a pile of the finished articles. To produce them she took up each gad, looked critically at it from end to end, cut it to length, split it into four, and sharpened each of the quarters with dexterous blows, which brought it to a triangular point precisely resembling that of a bayonet.

Beside her, in case she might require more light, a brass candlestick stood on a little round table, curiously formed of an old coffin-stool, with a deal top nailed on, the white surface of the latter contrasting oddly with the black carved oak of the substructure. The social position of the household in the past was almost as definitively shown by the presence of this article as that of an esquire or nobleman by his old helmets or shields. It had been customary for every well-to-do villager, whose tenure was by copy of court-roll, or in any way more permanent than that of the mere cotter, to keep a pair of these stools for the use of his own dead; but for the last generation or two a feeling of

cui bono had led to the discontinuance of the custom, and the stools were frequently made use of in the manner described.

The young woman laid down the bill-hook for a moment and examined the palm of her right hand, which, unlike the other, was ungloved, and showed little hardness or roughness about it. The palm was red and blistering, as if this present occupation were not frequent enough with her to subdue it to what it worked in. As with so many right hands born to manual labour, there was nothing in its fundamental shape to bear out the physiological conventionalism that gradations of birth, gentle or mean, show themselves primarily in the form of this member. Nothing but a cast of the die of destiny had decided that the girl should handle the tool; and the fingers which clasped the heavy ash haft might have skilfully guided the pencil or swept the string, had they only been set to do it in good time.

Her face had the usual fulness of expression which is developed by a life of solitude. Where the eyes of a multitude continuously beat like waves upon a countenance they seem to wear away its individuality; but in the still water of privacy every tentacle of feeling and sentiment shoots out in visible luxuriance, to be interpreted as readily as a printed book by an intruder. In years she was no more than nineteen or twenty, but the necessity of taking thought at a too early period of life had forced the provisional curves of her childhood's face to a premature finality. Thus she had but little pretension to beauty, save in one prominent particular—her hair. Its abundance made it almost unmanageable; its colour was, roughly speaking, and as seen here by firelight, brown; but careful notice, or an observation by day, would have revealed that its true shade was a rare and beautiful approximation to chestnut.

On this one bright gift of Time to the particular victim of his now before

us the newcomer's eyes were fixed; meanwhile the fingers of his right hand mechanically played over something sticking up from his waistcoat pocket—the bows of a pair of scissors, whose polish made them feebly responsive to the light from within the house. In her present beholder's mind the scene formed by the girlish spar-maker composed itself into a post-Raffaelite picture of extremest type, wherein the girl's hair alone, as the focus of observation, was depicted with intensity and distinctness, while her face, shoulders, hands, and figure in general, were a blurred mass of unimportant detail, lost in haze and obscurity.

He hesitated no longer, but tapped at the door and entered. The young woman turned at the crunch of his boots on the sanded floor, and exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Percombe, how you frightened me!" quite lost her colour for a moment.

He replied, "You should shut your door—then you'd hear folk open it."

"I can't," she said; "the chimney smokes so. Mr. Percombe, you look as unnatural away from your wigs as a canary in a thorn-hedge. Surely you have not come out here on my account—for—"

"Yes—to have your answer about this." He touched her hair with his cane, and she winced. "Do you agree?" he continued. "It is necessary that I should know at once, as the lady is soon going away, and it takes time to make up."

"Don't press me—it worries me. I was in hopes you had thought no more of it. I can not part with it—so there!"

"Now look here, Marty," said the other, sitting down on the coffin-stool table. "How much do you get for making these spars?"

"Hush—father's up stairs awake, and he don't know that I am doing his work."

"Well, now tell me," said the man more softly. "How much do you get?"

"Eighteenpence a thousand," she said reluctantly.

"Who are you making them for?"

"Mr. Melbury, the timber-dealer, just below here."

"And how many can you make in a day?"

"In a day and half the night, three bundles—that's a thousand and a half."

"Two and threepence." Her visitor paused. "Well, look here," he continued, with the remains of a calculation in his tone, which calculation had been the reduction to figures of the probable monetary magnetism necessary to overpower the resistant force of her present purse and her woman's love of comeliness, "here's a sovereign—a gold sovereign, almost new." He held it out between his finger and thumb. "That's as much as you'd earn in a week and a half at that rough man's-work, and it's yours for just letting me snip off what you've got too much of."

The girl's bosom moved a very little. "Why can't the lady send to some other girl who don't value her hair—not to me?" she exclaimed.

"Why, simpleton, because yours is the exact shade of her own, and 'tis a shade you can't match by dyeing. But you are not going to refuse me now I've come all the way from Sherton on purpose!"

"I say I won't sell it—to you or anybody."

"Now listen," and he drew up a little closer beside her. "The lady is very rich, and won't be particular to a few shillings; so I will advance to this on my own responsibility—I'll make the one sovereign two, rather than go back empty-handed."

"No, no, no!" she cried, beginning to be much agitated. "You are a tempting me, Mr. Percombe. You go on like the Devil to Doctor Faustus in the penny book. But I don't want your money, and won't agree. Why did you come? I said when you got me into your shop and urged me so much that I didn't mean to sell my

hair!" The speaker was hot and stern.

"Marty, now hearken. The lady that wants it wants it badly. And, between you and me, you'd better let her have it. 'Twill be bad for you if you don't."

"Bad for me? Who is she, then?"

The wig-maker held his tongue, and the girl repeated the question.

"I am not at liberty to tell you. And as she is going abroad soon it makes no difference who she is at all."

"She wants it to go abroad wi'?"

Percombe assented by a nod. The girl regarded him reflectively. "Now, Mr. Percombe," she said, "I know who 'tis. 'Tis she at the House—Mrs. Charmond!"

"That's my secret. However, if you agree to let me have it, I'll tell you in confidence."

"I'll certainly not let you have it unless you tell me the truth. It is Mrs. Charmond."

The man dropped his voice. "Well—it is. You sat in front of her in church the other day, and she noticed how exactly your hair matches her own. Ever since then she's been hankering for it, to help out hers, and at last decided to get it. As she won't wear it till she goes off abroad, she knows nobody will recognise the change. I'm commissioned to get it for her, and then it is to be made up. I shouldn't have vamped all these miles for any less important employer. Now, mind—'tis as much as my business with her is worth if it should be known that I've let out her name; but honour between us two, Marty, and you'll say nothing that would injure me?"

"I don't wish to tell upon her," said Marty, coolly. "But my hair is my own, and I'm going to keep it."

"Now that's not fair, after what I've told you," said the nettled emissary. "You see, Marty, as you are in the same parish, and in one of this lady's cottages, and your father is ill, and

wouldn't like to turn out, it would be as well to oblige her. I say that as a friend. But I won't press you to make up your mind to-night. You'll be coming to market to-morrow, I dare say, and you can call then. If you think it over you'll be inclined to bring what I want, I know."

"I've nothing more to say," she answered.

Her companion saw from her manner that it was useless to urge her further by speech. "As you are a trusty young woman," he said, "I'll put these sovereigns up here, for ornament, that you may see how handsome they are. Bring the article to-morrow, or return the sovereigns." He stuck them edgewise into the frame of a small mantel looking-glass. "I hope you'll bring it; for your sake and mine. I should have thought she could have suited herself elsewhere; but as it's her fancy it must be indulged if possible. If you cut it off yourself, mind how you do it so as to keep all the locks one way." He showed her how this was to be done.

"But I shan't," she replied with laconic indifference. "I value my looks too much to spoil 'em. She wants my curls to get another lover with; though if stories are true she's broke the heart of many a noble gentleman already."

"Lord, it's wonderful how you guess things, Marty," said her visitor. "I've had it from those that know that there certainly is some foreign gentleman in her eye. However, mind what I ask."

"She's not going to get him through me."

Percombe had retired as far as the door; he came back, planted his cane on the coffin stool, and looked her in the face. "Marty South," he said with deliberate emphasis, "*You've got a lover yourself*, and that's why you won't let it go!"

She reddened so intensely as to pass the mild blush that suffices to heighten beauty; she put the yellow leather glove on one hand, took up the hook with the other, and sat down doggedly

to her work without turning her face to him again. He regarded her head for a moment, went to the door, and with one look back at her departed on his way homeward.

Marty pursued her occupation for a few minutes, then suddenly laying down the bill-hook, she jumped up and went to the back of the room, where she opened a door which disclosed a staircase so whitely scrubbed that the grain of the wood was well-nigh sodden away by such cleansing. At the top she gently approached a bedroom, and without entering said, "Father, do you want anything?"

A weak voice inside answered in the negative; adding, "I should be all right by to-morrow if it were not for the tree!"

"The tree again—always the tree! O father, don't worry so about that. You know it can do you no harm."

"Who have ye had talking to ye, downstairs?"

"A Sherton man called—nothing to trouble about," she said soothingly. "Father," she went on, "can Mrs. Charmond turn us out of our house if she's minded to?"

"Turn us out? No. Nobody can turn us out till my poor soul is turned out of my body. 'Tis lifehold, like Giles Winterborne's. But when my life drops 'twill be hers—not till then." His words on this subject so far had been rational and firm enough. But now he lapsed into his moaning strain: "And the tree will do it—that tree will soon be the death of me."

"Nonsense, you know better. How can it be?" She refrained from further speech, and descended to the ground floor again.

"Thank Heaven then," she said to herself, "What belongs to me I keep."

CHAPTER III.

THE lights in the village went out, house after house, till there only remained two in the darkness. One

of these came from a residence on the hill-side, of which there is nothing to say at present; the other shone from the window of Marty South. Precisely the same extinguished effect was produced here, however, by her rising when the clock struck ten and hanging up a thick cloth curtain. The door it was necessary to keep ajar in hers as in most cottages, because of the smoke; but she obviated the effect of the riband of light through the chink by hanging a cloth over that also. She was one of those people who, if they have to work harder than their neighbours, prefer to keep the necessity a secret as far as possible; and but for the slight sounds of wood-splintering which came from within no wayfarer would have perceived that here the cottager did not sleep as elsewhere.

Eleven, twelve, one o'clock struck; the heap of spars grew higher, and the pile of chips and ends more bulky. Even the light on the hill had now been extinguished; but still she worked on. When the temperature of the night without had fallen so low as to make her chilly she opened a large blue umbrella to ward off the draught from the door. The two sovereigns confronted her from the looking-glass in such a manner as to suggest a pair of jaundiced eyes on the watch for an opportunity. Whenever she sighed for weariness she lifted her gaze towards them, but withdrew it quickly, stroking her tresses for a moment, as if to assure herself that they were still secure. When the clock struck three she arose and tied up the spars she had last made in a bundle resembling those that lay against the wall.

She wrapped round her a long red woollen cravat and opened the door. The night in all its fulness met her flatly on the threshold, like the very brink of an absolute void, or the antemundane Ginnung-Gap believed in by her Teuton forefathers. For her eyes were fresh from the blaze, and here there was no street lamp or lantern to form a kindly transition between the

inner glare and the outer dark. A lingering wind brought to her ear the creaking sound of two over-crowded branches in the neighbouring wood which were rubbing each other into wounds, and other vocalised sorrows of the trees, together with the screech of owls, and the fluttering tumble of some awkward wood-pigeon ill-balanced on its roosting bough.

But the pupils of her young eyes soon expanded, and she could see well enough for her purpose. Taking a bundle of spars under each arm, and guided by the serrated line of tree-tops against the sky, she went some hundred yards or more down the lane till she reached a long open shed, carpeted around with the dead leaves that lay about everywhere. Night, that strange personality, which within walls brings ominous introspectiveness and self-distrust, but under the open sky banishes such subjective anxieties as too trivial for thought, inspired Marty South with a less perturbed and brisker manner now. She laid the spars on the ground within the shed and returned for more, going to and fro till her whole manufactured stock was deposited here.

This erection was the wagon-house of the chief man of business hereabout, Mr. George Melbury, the timber, bark and copse-ware merchant for whom Marty's father did work of this sort by the piece. It formed one of the many rambling outhouses which surrounded his dwelling, an equally irregular block of building, whose immense chimneys could just be discerned even now. The four huge waggon under the shed were built on those ancient lines whose proportions have been ousted by modern patterns, their shapes bulging and curving at the base and ends like Trafalgar line-of-battle ships, with which venerable hulks, indeed, these vehicles evidenced a constructive spirit curiously in harmony. One was laden with sheep-cribs, another with hurdles, another with ash poles, and the fourth, at the foot of which she had placed her

thatching-spars, was half full of similar bundles.

She was pausing a moment with that easeful sense of accomplishment which follows work done that has been a hard struggle in the doing, when she heard a woman's voice on the other side of the hedge say anxiously, "George!" In a moment the name was repeated, with "Do come indoors! What are you doing there?"

The cart-house adjoined the garden, and before Marty had moved she saw enter the latter from the timber-merchant's back door an elderly woman sheltering a candle with her hand, the light from which cast a moving thorn-pattern of shade on Marty's face. Its rays soon fell upon a man whose clothes were carelessly thrown on, standing in advance of the speaker. He was a thin, slightly stooping figure, with a small nervous mouth and a face cleanly shaven; and he walked along the path with his eyes bent on the ground. In the pair Marty South recognised her employer Melbury and his wife. She was the second Mrs. Melbury, the first having died shortly after the birth of the timber merchant's only child.

"'Tis no use to stay in bed!" he said as soon as she came up to where he was pacing restlessly about. "I can't sleep—I keep thinking of things, and worrying about the girl, till I'm quite in a fever of anxiety." He went on to say that he could not think why "she" (Marty knew he was speaking of his daughter) did not answer his letter. "She must be ill—she must, certainly," he said.

"No, no. 'Tis all right, George," said his wife; and she assured him that such things always did appear so gloomy in the night-time, if people allowed their minds to run on them; that when the morning came it was seen that such fears were nothing but shadows. "Grace is as well as you or I," she declared.

But he persisted that she did not see all—that she did not see so much as he. His daughter's not writing

was only one part of his worry. On account of her he was anxious concerning money affairs, which he would never alarm his mind about otherwise. The reason he gave was that, as she had nobody to depend upon for a provision but himself, he wished her, when he was gone, to be securely out of risk of poverty.

To this Mrs. Melbury replied that Grace would be sure to marry well, and that hence a hundred pounds more or less from him would not make much difference.

Her husband said that that was what she, Mrs. Melbury, naturally thought but there she was wrong, and in that lay the source of his trouble. "I have a plan in my head about her," he said; "and according to my plan she won't marry a rich man."

"A plan for her not to marry well?" said his wife, surprised.

"Well, in one sense it is that," replied Melbury. "It is a plan for her to marry a particular person, and as he has not so much money as she might expect, it might be called as you call it. I may not be able to carry it out; and even if I do it may not be a good thing for her. I want her to marry Giles Winterborne."

His companion repeated the name. "Well, it is all right," she said presently. "He adores the very ground she walks on; only he's close, and won't show it much."

Marty South appeared startled, and could not tear herself away.

Yes, the timber-merchant asserted, he knew that well enough. Winterborne had been interested in his daughter for years; that was what had led him into the notion of their union. And he knew that she used to have no objection to him. But it was not any difficulty about that which embarrassed him. It was that, since he had educated her so well, and so long, and so far above the level of daughters thereabout, it was "wasting her" to give her to a man of no higher standing than the young man in question.

"That's what I have been thinking," said Mrs. Melbury.

"Well, then, Lucy, now you've hit it," answered the timber-merchant, with feeling. "There lies my trouble. I vowed to let her marry him, and to make her as valuable as I could to him by schooling her as many years and as thoroughly as possible. I mean to keep my vow. I made it because I did his father a terrible wrong; and it was a weight on my conscience ever since that time till this scheme of making amends occurred to me through seeing that Giles liked her."

"Wronged his father!" asked Mrs. Melbury.

"Yes, grievously wronged him," said her husband.

"Well, don't think of it to-night," she urged. "Come indoors."

"No, no, the air cools my head. I shall not stay long." He was silent awhile; then he told her, as nearly as Marty could gather, that his first wife, his daughter Grace's mother, was first the sweetheart of Winterborne's father, who loved her tenderly, till he, the speaker, won her away from him by a trick, because he wanted to marry her himself. He sadly went on to say that the other man's happiness was ruined by it; that though he married Winterborne's mother, it was but a half-hearted business with him. Melbury added that he was afterwards very miserable at what he had done; but that as time went on, and the children grew up, and seemed to be attached to each other, he determined to do all he could to right the wrong by letting his daughter marry the lad; not only that, but to give her the best education he could afford, so as to make the gift as valuable a one as it lay in his power to bestow. "I still mean to do it," said Melbury.

"Then do," said she.

"But all these things trouble me," said he; "for I feel I am sacrificing her for my own sin; and I think of her, and often come down here and look at this."

"Look at what?" asked his wife.

He took the candle from her hand, held it to the ground, and removed a tile which lay in the garden-path. "Tis the track of her shoe that she made when she ran down here the day before she went away all those months ago. I covered it up when she was gone; and when I come here and look at it, I ask myself again, why should she be sacrificed to a poor man?"

"It is not altogether a sacrifice," said the woman. "He is in love with her, and he's honest and upright. If she encourages him what can you wish for more?"

"I wish for nothing definite. But there's a lot of things possible for her. Why, Mrs. Charmond is wanting some refined young lady, I hear, to go abroad with her—as companion or something of the kind. She'd jump at Grace."

"That's all uncertain. Better stick to what's sure."

"True, true," said Melbury; "and I hope it will be for the best. Yes, let me get 'em married up as soon as I can, so as to have it over and done with." He continued looking at the imprint, while he added, "Suppose she should be dying, and never make a track on this path any more?"

"She'll write soon, depend upon't. Come, 'tis wrong to stay here and brood so."

He admitted it; but said he could not help it. "Whether she write or no, I shall fetch her in a few days" And thus speaking he covered the track, and preceded his wife indoors.

Melbury perhaps was an unlucky man in having within him the sentiment which could indulge in this foolish fondness about the imprint of a daughter's footstep. Nature does not carry on her government with a view to such feelings; and when advancing years render the opened hearts of those who possess them less dexterous than formerly in shutting against the blast, they must suffer "buffeting at will by rain and storm" no less than little celandines.

But her own existence, and not

Mr. Melbury's, was the centre of Marty's consciousness, and it was in relation to this that the matter struck her as she slowly withdrew.

"That, then, is the secret of it all," she said. "And Giles Winterborne is not for me, and the less I think of him the better."

She returned to her cottage. The sovereigns were staring at her from the looking-glass as she had left them. With a pre-occupied countenance, and with tears in her eyes, she got a pair of scissors, and began mercilessly cutting off the long locks of her hair, arranging and tying them with their points all one way as the barber had directed. Upon the pale scrubbed deal of the coffin-stool table they stretched like waving and ropy weeds over the washed gravel-bed of a clear stream.

She would not turn again to the little looking-glass out of humanity to herself, knowing what a deflowered visage would look back at her, and almost break her heart; she dreaded it as much as did her own ancestral goddess Sif the reflection in the pool after the rape of her locks by Loke the Malicious. She steadily stuck to business, wrapped the hair in a parcel, and sealed it up; after which she raked out the fire and went to bed, having first set up an alarum made of a candle and piece of thread, with a stone attached.

But such a reminder was unnecessary to-night. Having tossed about till five o'clock, Marty heard the sparrows walking down their long holes in the thatch above her sloping ceiling to their orifice at the eaves; whereupon she also arose, and descended to the ground floor again.

It was still dark, but she began moving about the house in those automatic initiatory acts and touches which represent among housewives the installation of another day. While thus engaged she heard the rumbling of Mr. Melbury's waggons, and knew that there, too, the day's toil had begun.

An armful of gads thrown on the still hot embers caused them to blaze up cheerfully, and bring her diminished head-gear into sudden prominence as a shadow. At this a step approached the door.

"Are folk astir here yet?" inquired a voice she knew well.

"Yes, Mr. Winterborne," said Marty, throwing on a tilt bonnet, which completely hid the recent ravages of the scissors. "Come in!"

The door was flung back, and there stepped in upon the mat a man, not particularly young for a lover, nor particularly mature for a person of affairs—each of which functions he in some degree discharged. There was reserve in his glance, and restraint upon his mouth. He carried a horn lantern which hung upon a swivel, and, wheeling as it dangled, marked grotesque shapes upon the shadier part of the walls.

He said that he had looked in on his way down, to tell her that they did not expect her father to make up his contract if he was not well. Mr. Melbury would give him another week, and they would go their journey with a short load that day.

"They are done," said Marty, "and lying in the cart-house."

"Done?" he repeated. "Your father has not been too ill to work after all, then?"

She made some evasive reply. "I'll show you where they be, if you are going down," she added.

They went out and walked together, the pattern of the air-holes in the top of the lantern being thrown upon the mist overhead, where they appeared of giant size, as if reaching the tent-shaped sky. They had no remarks to make to each other, and they uttered none. Hardly anything could be more isolated or more self-contained than the lives of these two walking here in the lonely hour before day, when grey shades, material and mental, are so very grey. And yet, looked at in a certain way, their lonely courses formed no detached

design at all, but were part of the pattern in the great web of human doings then weaving in both hemispheres, from the White Sea to Cape Horn.

The shed was reached, and she pointed out the spars. Winterborne regarded them silently, then looked at her.

"Now, Marty, I believe——" he said, and shook his head.

"What?"

"That you've done the work yourself."

"Don't you tell anybody, will you, Mr. Winterborne?" she pleaded by way of answer. "Because I am afraid Mr. Melbury may refuse my work if he knows it is mine."

"But how could you learn to do it? 'Tis a trade."

"Trade!" said she. "I'd be bound to learn it in two hours."

"Oh no, you wouldn't, Mrs. Marty." Winterborne held down his lantern, and examined the cleanly split hazels as they lay. "Marty," he said with dry admiration, "your father with his forty years of practice never made a spar better than that. They are too good for the thatching of houses, they are good enough for the furniture. But I won't tell. Let me look at your hands—your poor hands!"

He had a kindly manner of a quietly severe tone; and when she seemed reluctant to show her hands he took hold of one and examined it as if it were his own. Her fingers were blistered.

"They'll get harder in time," she said. "For if father continues ill I shall have to go on wi' it. Now I'll help put 'em up in waggon."

Winterborne without speaking set down his lantern, lifted her as she was about to stoop over the bundles, placed her behind him, and began throwing up the bundles himself. "Rather than you should do it I will," he said. "But the men will be here directly. Why, Marty—whatever has happened to your head? Lord, it has shrunk to nothing—it looks like an apple upon a gate-post!"

Her heart swelled, and she could not speak. At length she managed to groan, looking on the ground, "I've made myself ugly—and hateful—that's what I've done!"

"No, no," he answered. "You've only cut your hair—I see now."

"Then why must you needs say that about apples and gate-posts?"

"Let me see!"

"No, no!" She ran off into the gloom of the sluggish dawn. He did not attempt to follow her. When she reached her father's door she stood on the step and looked back. Mr. Melbury's men had arrived and were loading up the spars; and their lanterns appeared from the distance at which she stood to have wan circles round them, like eyes weary with watching. She observed them for a few seconds as they set about harnessing the horses, and then went indoors.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was now a distinct manifestation of morning in the air, and presently the bleared white visage of a sunless winter day emerged like a dead-born child. The woodlanders everywhere had already bestirred themselves, rising at this time of the year at the far less dreary hour of absolute darkness. It had been above an hour earlier, before a single bird had untucked his head, that twenty lights were struck in as many bedrooms, twenty pairs of shutters opened, and twenty pairs of eyes stretched to the sky to forecast the weather for the day.

Owls that had been catching mice in the outhouses, rabbits that had been eating the winter-greens in the gardens, and stoats that had been sucking the blood of the rabbits, discerning that their human neighbours were on the move, discreetly withdrew from publicity, and were seen and heard no more that day.

The daylight revealed the whole of Mr. Melbury's homestead, of which the waggon-sheds had been an out-

lying erection. It formed three sides of an open quadrangle, and consisted of all sorts of buildings, the largest and central one being the dwelling itself. The fourth side of the quadrangle was the public road.

It was a dwelling-house of respectable, roomy, almost dignified aspect; which, taken with the fact that there were the remains of other such buildings hereabout, indicated that Little Hintock had at some time or other been of greater importance than now, as its old name of Hintock St. Osmond also testified. The house was of no marked antiquity; yet of well-advanced age; older than a stale novelty; but no canonised antique; faded, not hoary; looking at you from the still distinct middle-distance of the early Georgian time, and awakening on that account the instincts of reminiscence more decidedly than the remoter, and far grander, memorials which have to speak from the misty reaches of mediævalism. The faces, dress, passions, gratitudes, and revenges of the great-grandfathers and grandmothers who had been the first to gaze from those rectangular windows, and had stood under that keystone doorway, could be divined and measured by homely standards of to-day. It was a house in whose reverberations queer old personal tales were yet audible if properly listened for; and not, as with those of the castle and cloister, silent beyond the possibility of echo.

The garden-front remained much as it had always been, and there was a porch and entrance that way. But the principal house-door opened on the square yard or quadrangle towards the road, formerly a regular carriage entrance; though the middle of the area was now made use of for stacking timber, faggots, bundles, and other products of the wood. It was divided from the lane by a lichen-coated wall, in which hung a pair of gates, flanked by piers out of the perpendicular, with a round white ball on the top of each.

The building on the left of the

inclosure was a long-backed erection, now used for spar-making, sawing, crib-framing, and copse-ware manufacture in general. Opposite were the waggon-sheds where Marty had deposited her spars.

Here Winterborne had remained after the girl's abrupt departure, to see that the waggon-loads were properly made up. Winterborne was connected with the Melbury family in various ways. In addition to the sentimental relationship which arose from his father having been the first Mrs. Melbury's lover, Winterborne's aunt had married and emigrated with the brother of the timber-merchant many years before—an alliance that was sufficient to place Winterborne, though the poorer, on a footing of social intimacy with the Melburys. As in most villages so secluded as this, intermarriages were of Hapsburgian frequency among the inhabitants, and there were hardly two houses in Little Hintock unrelated by some matrimonial tie or other.

For this reason a curious kind of partnership existed between Melbury and the younger man—a partnership based upon an unwritten code, by which each acted in the way he thought fair towards the other, on a give-and-take principle. Melbury, with his timber and copse-ware business, found that the weight of his labour came in winter and spring. Winterborne was in the apple and cider trade, and his requirements in cartage and other work came in the autumn of each year. Hence horses, waggons, and in some degree men, were handed over to him when the apples began to fall; he in return, lending his assistance to Melbury in the busiest wood-cutting season, as now.

Before he had left the shed a boy came from the house to ask him to remain till Mr. Melbury had seen him. Winterborne thereupon crossed over to the spar-house where some journey-men were already at work, two of them being travelling spar-makers from White-Hart Lane, who, when

the fall of the leaf began, made their appearance regularly, and when winter was over disappeared in silence till the season came again.

Firewood was the one thing abundant in Little Hintock; and a blaze of gad-ends made the outhouse gay with its light, which vied with that of the day as yet. In the hollow shades of the roof could be seen pale dangling arms of ivy which had crept through the joints of the tiles and were groping in vain for some support, their leaves being dwarfed and sickly for want of sunlight; others were pushing in with such force at the eaves as to lift from their supports the shelves that were fixed there.

Besides the itinerant journey-workers there were also present John Upjohn, engaged in the hollow-turnery trade, who lived hard by; and Timothy Tangs and young Timothy Tangs, top and bottom sawyers at work in Mr. Melbury's pit outside; Farmer Bawtree, who also kept the cider-house, and Robert Creedle, an old man who worked for Winterborne, and stood warming his hands; these latter having been enticed in by the ruddy blaze, though they had no particular business there. None of them call for any remark, except perhaps Creedle. To have completely described him it would have been necessary to write a military memoir, for he wore under his smock-frock a cast-off soldier's jacket that had seen hot service, its collar showing just above the flap of the frock; also a hunting memoir, to include the top-boots that he had picked up by chance; also chronicles of voyaging and shipwreck, for his pocket-knife had been given him by a weather-beaten sailor. But Creedle carried about with him on his uneventful rounds these silent testimonies of war, sport, and adventure, and thought nothing of their associations or their stories.

Copse-work, as it was called, being an occupation which the secondary intelligence of the hands and arms could carry on without requiring the sovereign attention of the head, the

minds of its professors wandered considerably from the objects before them; hence the tales, chronicles, and ramifications of family history which were recounted here were of a very exhaustive kind, and sometimes so interminable as to defy description.

Winterborne, seeing that Melbury had not arrived, stepped back again outside the door; and the conversation interrupted by his momentary presence flowed anew, reaching his ears as an accompaniment to the regular dripping of the fog from the plantation boughs around.

The topic at present handled was a highly popular and frequent one—the personal character of Mrs. Charmond, the owner of the surrounding woods and groves.

"My brother-in-law told me, and I have no reason to doubt it," said Creedle, "that she'd sit down to her dinner with a frock hardly higher than her elbows. 'Oh you wicked woman!' he said to himself when he first see her, 'you go to your church, and sit, and kneel, as if your knee-joints were greased with very saint's anointment, and tell off your hear-us-god-Lords as pat as a business man counting money; and yet you can eat your victuals such a figure as that!' Whether she's a reformed character by this time I can't say; but I don't care who the man is, that's how she went on when my brother-in-law lived there."

"Did she do it in her husband's time?"

"That I don't know—hardly, I should think, considering his temper. Ah——!" Here Creedle threw grieved remembrance into physical form by slowly resigning his head to obliquity and letting his eyes water. "That man! 'Not if the angels of heaven come down, Creedle,' he said, 'shall you do another day's work for me!' Yes—He'd say anything—anything; and would as soon take a winged creature's name in vain as yours or mine! Well, now I must get these spars home-along, and to-morrow,

thank God, I must see about using 'em."

An old woman now entered upon the scene. She was Mr. Melbury's servant, and passed a great part of her time in crossing the yard between the house-door and the spar-shed, whither she had come now for fuel. She had two facial aspects—one, of a soft and flexible kind, she used indoors when assisting about the parlour or up stairs; the other, with stiff lines and corners, when she was bustling among the men in the spar-house or out-of-doors.

"Ah, Grammer Oliver," said John Upjohn, "it do do my heart good to see a old woman like you so dapper and stirring, when I bear in mind that, after fifty, one year counts as two did afore! But your smoke didn't rise this morning till twenty minutes past seven by my beater; and that's late, Grammer Oliver."

"If you was a full-sized man, John, people might take notice of your scornful meanings. But your growing up was such a scrimped and scanty business that really a woman couldn't feel hurt if you were to spit fire and brimstone itself at her. Here," she added, holding out a spar-gad to one of the workmen, from which dangled a long black-pudding, "here's something for thy breakfast, and if you want tea you must fetch it from indoors."

"Mr. Melbury is late this morning," said the bottom-sawyer.

"Yes. 'Twas a dark dawn," said Mrs. Oliver. "Even when I opened the door, so late as I was, you couldn't have told poor men from gentlemen, or John from a reasonable-sized object. And I don't think maister's slept at all well to-night. He's anxious about his daughter; and I know what that is, for I've cried bucketfuls for my own."

When the old woman had gone Creedle said;—

"He'll fret his heart green if he don't soon hear from that maid of his. Well, learning is better than houses and lands. But to keep a maid at school till she is taller out of pattens

than her mother was in 'em — 'tis tempting Providence."

"It seems no time ago that she was a little playward girl," said young Timothy Tangs.

"I can mind her mother," said the hollow-turner. "Alway a teuny, delicate piece; her touch upon your hand was as soft and cool as wind. She was inoculated for the small-pox and had it beautifully fine, just about the time that I was out of my apprenticeship—ay, and a long apprenticeship 'twas. I served that master of mine six years and three hundred and fourteen days."

The hollow-turner pronounced the days with emphasis, as if, considering their number, they were a rather more remarkable fact than the years.

"Mr. Winterborne's father walked with her at one time," said old Timothy Tangs. "But Mr. Melbury won her. She was a child of a woman, and would cry like rain if so be he huffed her. Whenever she and her husband came to a puddle in their walks together he'd take her up like a half-penny doll and put her over without dirting her a speck. And if he keeps the daughter so long at boarding-school he'll make her as nesh as her mother was. But here he comes."

Just before this moment Winterborne had seen Melbury crossing the court from his door. He was carrying an open letter in his hand, and came straight to Winterborne. His gloom of the preceding night had quite gone.

"I'd no sooner made up my mind, Giles, to go and see why Grace didn't come or write than I get a letter from her—Clifton: Wednesday. My dear father," says she, 'I'm coming home to-morrow (that's to-day), but I didn't think it worth while to write long beforehand.' The little rascal, and didn't she! Now, Giles, as you are going to Sherton market to-day with your apple-trees, why not join me and Grace there, and we'll drive home all together!'"

He made the proposal with cheerful energy; he was hardly the same man

as the man of the small dark hours. Ever it happens that, even among the moodiest, the tendency to be cheered is stronger than the tendency to be cast down; and a soul's specific gravity stands permanently less than that of the sea of troubles into which it is thrown.

Winterborne, though not demonstrative, replied to this suggestion with something like alacrity. There was not much doubt that Marty's grounds for cutting off her hair were substantial enough, if this man's eyes had been a reason for keeping it on. As for the timber-merchant, it was plain that his invitation had been given solely in pursuance of his scheme for uniting the pair. He had made up his mind to the course as a duty, and was strenuously bent upon following it out.

Accompanied by Winterborne he now turned towards the door of the spar-house, when his footsteps were heard by the men as aforesaid.

"Well, John, and Robert," he said, nodding, as he entered. "A rimy morning."

"'Tis, sir!" said Creedle, energetically, for not having as yet been able to summon force sufficient to go away and begin work he felt the necessity of throwing some into his speech. "I don't care who the man is, 'tis the rimiest morning we've had this fall."

"I heard you wondering why I've kept my daughter so long at boarding-school," resumed Mr. Melbury, looking up from the letter which he was reading anew by the fire, and turning to them with the suddenness that was a trait in him. "Hey?" he asked with affected shrewdness. "But you did, you know. Well now, though it is my own business more than anybody else's, I'll tell ye. When I was a boy another boy—the pa'son's son—along with a lot of others, asked me 'Who dragged Whom round the walls of What?' and I said, 'Sam Barrett, who dragged his wife in a chair round the tower corner when she went to be churched.' They laughed at me with such torrents of

scorn that I went home ashamed, and couldn't sleep for shame; and I cried that night till my pillow was wet; till at last I thought to myself there and then—"They may laugh at me for my ignorance, but that was father's fault, and none o' my making, and I must bear it. But they shall never laugh at my children, if I have any: I'll starve first!" Thank God I've been able to keep her at school at the figure of near a hundred a year; and her scholarship is such that she has stayed on as governess for a time. Let 'em laugh now if they can: Mrs. Charmond herself is not better informed than my girl Grace."

There was something between high indifference and humble emotion in his delivery, which made it difficult for them to reply. Winterborne's interest was of a kind which did not show itself in words; listening, he stood by the fire, mechanically stirring the embers with a spar-gad.

"You'll be, then, ready, Giles?" Melbury continued, awaking from a reverie. "Well, what was the latest news at Shottsford yesterday, Mr. Bawtree?"

"Well, Shottsford is Shottsford still—you can't victual your carcase there unless you've got money; and you can't buy a cup of genuine there, whether or no. . . . But as the saying is, 'Go abroad and you'll hear news of home.' It seems that our new neighbour, this young Doctor What's-his-name, is a strange, deep, perusing gentleman; and there's good reason for supposing he has sold his soul to the wicked one."

"'Od name it all," murmured the timber-merchant, unimpressed by the news, but reminded of other things by the subject of it; "I've got to meet a gentleman this very morning, and yet I've planned to go to Sherton Abbas for the maid."

"I won't praise the doctor's wisdom till I hear what sort of bargain he's made," said the top-sawyer.

"'Tis only an old woman's tale," said Bawtree. "But it seems that

he wanted certain books on some mysterious science or black art, and in order that the people hereabout should not know anything about his dark readings, he ordered 'em direct from London, and not from the Sherton bookseller. The parcel was delivered by mistake at the pa'son's, and he wasn't at home; so his wife opened it, and went into hysterics when she read 'em, thinking her husband had turned heathen, and 'twould be the ruin of the children. But when he came he said he knew no more about 'em than she; and found they were this Mr. Fitzpiers's property. So he wrote 'Beware!' outside, and sent 'em on by the sexton.

"He must be a curious young man," mused the hollow-turner.

"He must," said Timothy Tangs.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Melbury, authoritatively, "he's only a gentleman fond of science, and philosophy, and poetry, and, in fact, every kind of knowledge; and being lonely here, he passes his time in making such matters his hobby."

"Well," said old Timothy, "'tis a strange thing about doctors that the worse they be the better they be. I mean that if you hear anything of this sort about 'em, ten to one they can cure ye as nobody else can."

"True," said Bawtree, emphatically.

"And for my part I shall take my custom from old Jones and go to this one directly I've anything the matter with me. That last medicine old Jones gave me had no taste in it at all."

Mr. Melbury, as became a well-informed man, did not listen to these recitals, being moreover preoccupied with the business appointment which had come into his head. He walked up and down, looking on the floor—his usual custom when undecided. That stiffness about the arm, hip, and knee-joint, which was apparent when he walked, was the net product of the divers sprains and over-exertions that had been required of him in handling trees and timber when a young man,

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for he was of the sort called self-made, and had worked hard. He knew the origin of every one of these cramps: that in his left shoulder had come of carrying a pollard, unassisted, from Tutcombe Bottom home; that in one leg was caused by the crash of an elm against it when they were felling; that in the other was from lifting a bole. On many a morrow after wearying himself by these prodigious muscular efforts, he had risen from his bed fresh as usual; his lassitude had departed, apparently for ever; and confident in the recuperative power of his youth, he had repeated the strains anew. But treacherous Time had been only hiding ill results when they could be guarded against, for greater accumulation when they could not. Now in his declining years the store had been unfolded in the form of rheumatisms, pricks, and spasms, in every one of which Melbury recognised some act, which, had its consequence been contemporaneously made known, he would wisely have abstained from repeating.

On a summons by Grammer Oliver to breakfast, he left the shed. Reaching the kitchen, where the family breakfasted in winter to save house-labour, he sat down by the fire, and looked a long time at the pair of dancing shadows cast by each fire-iron and dog-knob on the whitewashed chimney-corner—a yellow one from the window, and a blue one from the fire.

"I don't quite know what to do to-day," he said to his wife at last. "I've recollected that I promised to meet Mrs. Charmond's steward in Round Wood at twelve o'clock, and yet I want to go for Grace."

"Why not let Giles fetch her by himself? 'Twill bring 'em together all the quicker."

"I could do that—but I should like to go myself. I always have gone, without fail, every time hitherto. It has been a great pleasure to drive in to Sherton, and wait, and see her arrive; and perhaps she'll be disappointed if I stay away."

"You may be disappointed, but I don't think she will, if you send Giles," said Mrs. Melbury, drily.

"Very well—I'll send him."

Melbury was often persuaded by the quietude of his wife's words when strenuous argument would have had no effect. This second Mrs. Melbury was a placid woman, who had been nurse to his child Grace before her mother's death. After that melancholy event little Grace had clung to the nurse with much affection; and ultimately Melbury, in dread lest the only woman who cared for the girl should be induced to leave her, persuaded the mild Lucy to marry him. The arrangement—for it was little more—had worked satisfactorily enough; Grace had thriven, and Melbury had not repented.

He returned to the spar-house and found Giles near at hand, to whom he explained the change of plan. "As she won't arrive till five o'clock, you can get your business very well over in time to receive her," said Melbury. "The green gig will do for her; you'll spin along quicker with that, and won't be late upon the road. Her boxes can be called for by one of the waggons."

Winterborne, knowing nothing of the timber-merchant's restitutory aims, quietly thought all this to be a kindly chance. Wishing, even more than her father, to despatch his apple-tree business in the market before Grace's arrival, he prepared to start at once.

Melbury was careful that the turnout should be seemly. The gig-wheels, for instance, were not always washed during winter-time before a journey, the muddy roads rendering that labour useless; but they were washed to-day. The harness was blacked, and when the rather elderly white horse had been put in, and Winterborne was in his seat ready to start, Mr. Melbury stepped out with a blacking-brush and with his own hands touched over the yellow hoofs of the animal.

"You see, Giles," he said as he

blackened, "coming from a fashionable school she might feel shocked at the homeliness of home; and 'tis these little things that catch a dainty woman's eye if they are neglected. We, living here alone, don't notice how the whitey-brown creeps out of the earth over us; but she, fresh from a city—why, she'll notice everything!"

"That she will," said Giles.

"And scorn us if we don't mind."

"Not scorn us."

"No, no, no—that's only words. She's too good a girl to do that. But when we consider what she knows, and what she has seen since she last saw us, 'tis as well to meet her views as nearly as possible. Why, 'tis a year since she was in this old place, owing to her going abroad in the summer, which I agreed to, thinking it best for her; and naturally we shall look small, just at first—I only say just at first."

Mr. Melbury's tone evinced a certain exultation in the very sense of that inferiority he affected to deplore; for this advanced and refined being, was she not his own all the time? Not so Giles; he felt doubtful, perhaps a trifle cynical—for that strand was wound into him with the rest. He looked at his clothes with misgiving; then with indifference.

It was his custom during the planting season to carry a specimen apple-tree to market with him as an adver-

tisement of what he dealt in. This had been tied across the gig; and as it would be left behind in the town it would cause no inconvenience to Miss Grace Melbury coming home.

He drove away, the twigs nodding with each step of the horse; and Melbury went indoors. Before the gig had passed out of sight Mr. Melbury reappeared and shouted after—

"Here, Giles," he said, breathlessly following with some wraps, "it may be very chilly to-night, and she may want something extra about her. And Giles," he added, when the young man, having taken the articles, put the horse in motion once more; "tell her that I should have come myself, but I had particular business with Mrs. Charmond's agent which prevented me. Don't forget."

He watched Winterborne out of sight under the boughs, where cobwebs glistened in the row clearing air, lengthening and shortening their shine like elastic needles; he saw the woodpigeons rise as Giles drove past them; and said to himself with a jerk—a shape into which emotion with him often resolved itself—"There now, I hope the two will bring it to a point, and have done with it! 'Tis a pity to let such a girl throw herself away upon him—a thousand pities! . . . And yet 'tis my duty, for his father's sake."

(To be continued.)

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